Poesis Rediviva:

OR,

POESIE

REVIV'D.

BY

JOHN COLLOP *M.D.*

Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo.

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To the Right Honorable,

HENRY,

Marquis of *Dorcheſter*, Earl of *Kingſtone*, Viſcount *Newark*, The Lord *Pierrepont*.

SI fuerint Mœcenates, non defuerint Marones: *Poetry revives quickned by the beams of ſuch a Sun, whom all the Muſes acknowledge their* Apollo; *and Sun-like you may gild ev'n the loweſt and moſt humble Valleys, yet neither impair your height or luſtre; glance a more auſpicious beam on this birth, which Eaglet-like approaches the Sun for legitimation, the moſt piercing ray of your judgement. I ſhall not after the mode of Dedications, cry out of Jejunenes and Sterility, and intreat a Patronage to my weakneſs; as not content to commit er-*

vour without a Patron, or recommitting it in an Apologie: To gild a dunghill would but exhale a ſtench; though the odours of Virtues charioted in Sun-beams, may communicate their influences, and perfume the world. Nor wants Poetry her Virtues; Stones, Trees, and wilde Beaſts, accompany an Orpheus, *while he mollifies the moſt obdurate, and ſtone-aſſimilating tempers; teaches the moſt irregular pieces by his meaſures, to be ſquared by the rule of proportion, and ſerve to the edifice of Virtue; produces harmony out of Natures diſcords, while the moſt ſavage natures by his harmony, are reduc'd to conſort: Civility dead, Poeſie revives: and though ſome object as the* Lyrick *to* Maro, Quid ſi Threicio blandius Orpheo, auditam moderere arboribus fidem, non vanæ redeat ſanguis Imagini; *Virtue now being onely a vain and bloodleſs Image. Yet the love of this* Euridice *ſtung by the old Serpent, teaches me a deſcent into this home-bred hell we carry within us; where foul tormenting paſſions reſide like furies; Luſt is tied unto a wheel, Care and Envy, Vultur-like, feed on the Heart and Liver, while Incontinence*

pours

pours water into Sieves; Ambition rowls ſtones up Mountains, and the dropſie of Avarice, Tantalus-*like, is thirſty in full Rivers. And though with* Orpheus *I cannot hope to unlearn Furies their cruelty, and teach their eyes in teares to wear the Livery of Repentance; or reduce the belov'd* Euridice: *yet if I can eaſe any of their pains, by the delivery, my Charity will be brought to bed of her children, which I ſhall deſire your Honour a Witneſs to. Nor is Poeſie unworthy of your Patronage, which a Sir* Philip Sidney *hath prais'd, our Seraphick* Donne *us'd, the learned* Scaliger, *and he who makes all praiſes modeſt, the excellent* Hugo Grotius *labour'd in. Nay, ev'n the Prophets were Poets, and Pagan Poets are cited by the Apoſtles. And though Poeſie be* vinum dæmonum, *as the Father calls it, when it inebriates mens mindes with folly; yet it is* flagellum dæmonum *when it laſhes them out of their vanity, tormenting them in their members. The inriching of the people of God with the ornaments of* Egypt, *S.* Auſtin *applies to Arts and Sciences inven'ed by Heathen, but taken from them as the ſpoil of*

Egypt,

Egypt, *and converted to Gods ſervice. It may be ſaid of Poeſie, as of S.* Cyprian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Hilarius, Quanto auro & argento, & veſte exiit ex Ægypto? *Converted from Paganiſm to Chriſtianity. Let an Atheiſt, like* Porphyrius, *ſcoff at it, as borrowed from Gentiliſm; and an Apoſtate, reſembling* Julian, *prohibite humane literature in Chriſtians, which none have diſreſpected, beſide thoſe whoſe ignorance render'd incapable of it, or blacker impieties court Oblivion. This could make an* Octavius *deſcend to the* Lyricks *friendſhip; and a Lord* Brook, *as the moſt permanent Epitaph, deſire to be writ Sir* Philip Sidneys *friend. Friends to Poeſie cannot want a memory, while Time can keep a Regiſter.* Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori; & ego te meis chartis carpere lividam opinionem totque tuos patiar labores? *Whether your anatomicall inſpections to know your ſelf both within and without, which intitle you to that ſome have call'd the Phyſician, a wiſe man; or unriddling Ænigmaticall Law quirks? not onely by uſing your fortunes with reaſon injoy them, but know the reaſon how you injoy; or*

whether

whether you unravel Nature to her firſt Principles, and become of the Cabinet Councell to the Worlds Monarch, which ſtyles you what others are miſcall'd, The moſt Honourable, who in the worſt of times dare be good; and when Ignorance is an Epidemicall diſeaſe, paſs untainted: make to uſe of your Eminency to become a State Weather-cock, and turn round with every wind; or reſemble thoſe Magnifico's, *who Comet-like ſprung from fat and ſlime of earth, blaze and become portentous to Kingdoms; while Ignorance is blazon'd with Power, and Ambition and Avarice dreſs'd out with formalities of State: like Anticks in great houſes carv'd with Honours, and gilded with Titles, may attract admiration from vulgar heads: Yet wiſer men can make no greater uſe of then the Cynick of his ſtatues, onely to exerciſe patience. But to you, (who have paſs'd through the Temple of Virtue to that of Honour, whoſe Honour is a Temple to enſhrine Virtue, monopolizing more then theſe want, whoſe glorious outſides, like Egyptian Temples, by introſpection afford nothing above an Ape.) As a tribute due to honour, I preſent theſe beſprinklings of a retirement, while* De-

mocritus-*like I laugh at the ſhittlecock world, and exquire the cauſes of the ſpleen in the beaſt, the Rabble; which will invite ſome who* Abderitanæ pectora plebis habent, *the mad Rabble, and thoſe Plebeian heads, who are a degree above them in their Clothes, not in their intelligences, to accuſe me of phrenſie: Yet an* Hippocrates *(the more refin'd ſpirit) will paſs intainted with the aire of popular diſplicencies, ſince the Temples of Virtue and honour want not their ſacrifices.*

Your honours moſt humble

Servitor and moſt affe-

ctionate Admirer,

J: Collop.

Poeſis Rediviva:
OR
POESIE Reviv'd.

The Poet.

WHat art? thought below wiſe-men; yet 'bove ages;
Can'ſt make ſev'n lines, ſpeak more then the ſev'n Sages?
A name for *Falkland*, or th'Lord *Digby* fit?
Or the Elixir of *Hugh Grotius* wit?
Pacing in rithme no Poets makes; words fit,
High ſenſe, ſoul quickning each part of it.
Phancies effluxions which with light do ſtream,
Each ſentence gilding like a Solar beam.
No day can paſs to write lends him no ray;
Nay makes ev'n night vie ſplendor with the day.
To feed on traſh hath no green ſickneſs Muſe,
Through Wits obſtructions a Cachexy ſhews:
No cup-froth'd fancy, ſparkled wit from wine;
Sobriety waters vertues in each line.
None are born Poets, naturally ſome pace,
Shuffle in rithme, horſe-like, without a grace.
His *Helicon* muſt flow from ſweat of's brain;
And muſing thoughts lend his Poetick vein;
Richer then thoſe veins ſpring from heart of earth,
While Gold without an Ore he giveth birth.
Th'Philoſophers *Elixir* in each line,

Doth

Doth in Epitome all that's rich confine.
Above the ſalts of *Ciceronian* wit,
Whoſe name can lend no grain to ſeaſon it.
Nor *Adages*, nor Apophthegms new pick'd,
Bear-like nor form'd, nor handſom 'cauſe their lick'd,
Vents onely what miſtaken Sages Coyn'd,
With the diſguiſe of verſe on what's purloin'd:
Unhappy fate of Poets to be poor,
All beg'd, or borrowed from anothers ſtore.
He muſt have ravell'd times, and Kingdoms through,
And when the world oreview'd, can make a new.
A *Plato's* Commonwealth who can outdo?
A *Mores* Utopia, and *Atlantis* too.
Can challenge *Titians*, or our *Vandickes* hand;
Upbraiding nature whoſe rich pieces ſtand,
Not *Zeuxes*-like, paint grapes that birds draw nigh,
But red with blood of Families drunkards fly.
Pierces like lightning, yet not hurts the skin,
Though melts ith womb the conceived Child of ſin.
At th' horror himſelf makes th' Tyrant fear,
While he's transform'd to Tyger, Wolf, or Bear.
'Bove th' Theban Harmony can ſtructure raiſe
To *Abrahams* Sons, teach ev'n ſtones God to praiſe.
Make birdlim'd Avarice th' Idol gold to leave,
Think't pale with guilt, or gilt ore to deceive.
Into a ſcorch'd Amoriſt ice convey;
Calm rage, while reaſon paſſions ſtorms obey.
Embalm'd with Odours virtue make perfume:
While putred vanity doth in ſtench conſume.
Tainted with ſour breath, rotten vice decaies:
Virtue is alwaies green like th' Poets bayes:
The Luxury of whoſe wit runs not to weeds;
But running up provides for knowledge ſeeds;
Who Eagle-like doth on a Pyramid ſit
'Bove paſſions tempeſts, and a flaſhing wit:
Above the Clouds ſecure doth view the Sun:
And in a line like him inlightning run:

Nay

Nay with Ecſtatick *Paul* doth take take a flight;
And with intelligences trades for ſight;
Thus to the Echoing Angels *Moſes* ſung;
And *David's* harps to *Hallelujahs* ſtrung;
In proverbs glorious *Solomon's* aray'd;
From clouds of parable th' Goſpel light diſplai'd,
Nor would it blaſphemy be for to deny
The whole Creation ought but Poeſie:
When God in number made, and meaſure all;
May we not truly term poeticall;
Six daies the order in Creation ſhow,
Not how God made, but we th' worl'd made may know.
Leſſe then a moment made it, *a-ſit lux*
Stream'd out life, Eſſence, motion, times efflux:
The world as in a womb was in Gods mind:
Within himſelf all light, to make't outſhin'd.
The Ridle deſtiny which unhinges brains,
Within him with whom all's preſent how remains?
Who preordains the things that preſent be:
'Tis God deſcends to us by Poeſie.
Paul with ſuch knots as theſe Chriſts Spouſe hath dreſt,
Which to damnation the unſtable wreſt.
While Poet-like he acts the Carnal man,
They make him ſo, by their own luſts him ſcan:
Poets are Prophets, and the Prieſts of Heav'n:
Though to Hels mimicks Idol Prieſts th' names giv'n.
Into *Jeruſalem* Lord turn *Babylons* flame,
The objects vary, yet the paſſions th' ſame.
Teach that love holineſſe which no holineſſe knew,
Let zeal inflame the hearts which luſt did ſtew.
Thus holineſſe to the Lord we all may ſing,
To write take pinions from a Cherubs wing.

On the Soul.

ENigma to the Philoſopher and divine;
All the ſouls effects, none can the ſoul define.
All ſay the ſoul immortall, none do prove:
Nor life, nor arguments a belief can move.
How can the ſoul an act of the body be,
Which to the body gives exiſtencie?
If out of matter ſouls reſult? can we
In natural ſouls prove immortalitie?
Or him who ſaies mankind hath one controul,
Since every ſpecies can have but one ſoul?
If the ſoul's infus'd, how ſhares it *Adams* ſin?
How with divinities the ſin of fleſh ſerv'd in?
Or who in all ith ſhapes of men here move
Can ſouls that rational, or immortal prove?
Each ſpecies may give ſouls of grouth, and ſenſe:
Vital and animal functions may diſpence
Without infuſion: wiſe as *Banks* his horſe;
Then whom few better, we find many worſe.
Who knows himſelf, knows all; hee's wiſe indeed,
Who can retire within, and himſelf read.
Unhinging wiſer brains ſhall nere ſtretch mine:
What's the ſoul I care not Lord, ſo it be thine.
Whether the ſoul's traduced or infus'd,
It not concerns, but how by paſſions us'd.
Whom fleſh doth rule can't what is ſoul is know,
Who'd know't with God muſt in acquaintance grow.
What is it Lord? 'tis thine; ſure part of thee
Treating in humane fleſh a Deitie.
Th' ſoul's all in all, and all in every part:
So all in all, and in all Lord thou art:
By whom we live, move, be, and all things know,
Life, motion, eſſence, knowledge from thee flow.
Is't not a glimps of th' ſpirit firſt made light
VVhich here is muſled in a Cloud of night?

VVhen

VVhen God but takes this veil of fleſh away,
To him the light of lights, returns this ray.
The ſoul that works by principles of light,
Doth while 'tis here it ſelf to God unite.
VVho here laies the veſture of his fleſh aſide,
From him Heav'n glory, Earth can't ſecrets hide,
Let contemplation give but wings toth' ſoul,
It in a moment travels to each pole;
Deſcends to th' center, mounts to th' top of th' world,
In thouſand places can at once be hurl'd;
Can fathom the univerſe, without touching it;
A Judge of ſtates, Arts, nay, of worlds may ſit.
But oh a ſoul immers'd in fleſh and blood,
Is loſt 'midſt wild beaſts in a pathleſſe wood,
Ambition wracks the ſoul; 'tis fool'd by love;
Pleaſure doth melt, hope by a tickling move;
Anger now burns; then's reinflam'd by luſt;
Deſpair depreſſes, avarice doth ruſt;
Now cruelty doth obdurate to a ſtone;
And then revenge makes me more hard then one;
Envy now gnaws, and hatred ſtrait her ſours;
The fire of jealouſie ſmothers all her pow'rs;
Sorrow doth lend me floods which fear turns ice,
I'me cold to virtue, hardned by vice;
Lord, ſee this bird of *Paradiſe* in a Cage,
Aſſayled by a mutinous tumuls rage!
See th' daughter of thy bounty heav'ns own Child;
By paſſions rable ſhall ſhe be defil'd?
Shall they the Scepter of her government take?
She is a Queen which thou her Kings didſt make,
Th' Kings daughter Lord was glorious within,
Let not her beauty be ecclips'd by ſin.
She with her fellows ſhould be brought to thee,
Virtues and Graces ſhould companions be;
A wedding garment Lord on her beſtow:
Let her embroidred with thy graces go,
If with th' white robe of innocence I can't come;

Mix

Mix the purple of thy blood or martyrdom,
Since the soul's a ray that's borrow'd of thy light,
Shall sin extinguish't in eternall night?
Lord let my soul return from whence it came,
Let not a spark of Heav'n turn to hells flame.

The fruit of Paradise.

WHen that my soul by magique would aspire,
Prometheus like fetch down Celestial fire;
Paul like to *Paradise* rap'd by th' part divine,
Sure lust doth me unto this tree recline;
While I descend, and th' pleasures taste of sense,
The tree of life my Jesus banish'd hence.
He must relinquish flesh and blood who'le be
Made a partaker of divinitie.
Man is a Garden, Jesus is within
The tree of life, which we do lose by sin.
Vittue makes Heav'n, while Hell is made by vice,
Who lives like *Enoch*, walks in *Paradice*.
But he who follows th' crooked waies of sin,
A Serpent to this Garden doth let in;
To taste the fruits of sense doth him intice,
Then sees his sin, and himself nak'd by vice.
While God his Saints with sanctity doth cloath
The figleaves of Hypocrisy they loath.
Fall'n midst the trees they seek to hide their sin;
But God ith conscience is who speaks within;
Our better thoughts of *Paradice* are the trees
Which they secluded are, whom sins can please:
Earth turn'd to earth, which if none do manure
It doth sins fruits, thistles and thorns endure.
But see on water th' spirit moves of love,
To make the first light did on waters move,
From th' fount of Baptism, there do rivers flow
Which water *Paradice*, and make Heav'ns fruit grow.

The

The ſeed of life thus watered did die,
To raiſe up fruit for all eternity.
The tree of life was joyned to deaths tree
To make the barren bare it God muſt be,
Into the ground thou Lord it caſt, that we.
Fix'd to thy root, may ever living be.
Thou Lord the Earth didſt ope, that death might have
And's ſiſter ſin in lifes Sepulcher grave.
Who to the world is ty'd, to the Croſſe is nail'd,
His bones are broke, and he by death aſſail'd;
But he's a good thief violence offers there,
The flaming ſword keeps *Paradiſe* ſure is prayer;
Or thy ſprites Cherubins and the flaming ſword,
Which keeps the tree of life is Lord thy word.
Since thou of life in *Paradiſe* art the tree,
Lord when thy Kingdom comes, remember me;
The bone thou gav'ſt us is with th' Serpent joyn'd,
Sin breaks the bones, which firſt with ſin conbin'd.
The Serpents damn'd to duſt which us betraid,
Lift like a Serpent up in duſt thou 'rt lay'd.
Sin Lord's a Serpent with a fiery ſting,
Thou lifted up doſt to us med'cine bring:
Thorns on thy brow Earths curſe for him doſt wear,
Thou mak'ſt them Lord a Crown by being there.
Thief-like to th' curſed tree i'me nail'd by ſin;
Yet ſin makes wounds to let thy mercy in.
Lord ſay the word, I ſhall be whole, or ſay,
Thou ſhalt with me in *Paradiſe* be this day.
What's alwaies, every where, and all believe
Is truth, and onely truth, which can't deceive:
Where is't? unravel ages, all times read;
Since truth is one, why thus are none agree'd?
Schiſms gilded weather-Cocks all muſt paſſe for gold,
While the world truths lights doth in dark lanthorns hold.
Men to th' Meridian of their fleſh and blood,
Religion Calculate; profit names it good.

See each Divine is but an Advocate,
As if Religion were temporal state:
They with illusion, forgeries, for it plead,
And do't like Lawy'rs, onely to be fee'd
For what they plead, yet none can call their right;
They for Religion do without it wrire.
Witty impieties do the Scriptures reach:
Like the Tyrant who to's bed did wretches stretch;
Too long for cruel purposes, they slice:
Too short they wrack confession of their vice,
That truth can never vary, all agree:
Yet all place truth in their varietie.

On the Master's of the Science of defence in Controversie.

EAch Father sure's a *Janus*, two waies looks?
One face Reformers have, one Papists Books.
Do they by follies issues their names gain?
They father spurious issues of each brain:
Now to th' Protestant tun'd, now Roman Key,
Do Echo like to every voice obey:
Ah! Echo-like yield an imperfect sound
Which can't instruct a knowledg, but confound,
Whence most polemick truths as clearly note,
As th' Lover's Mistresse face in a Wanescot:
Or *Wittingtons* Maiorship by a chime of bels,
Which seem to tune to all wild phancy tels.
What though the Ruhets in the Roman head
Some truth's obstructed, is the body dead?
Or cause not uniform, must no union be?
Belief in one Christ sure speaks unitie.
Though various Colours in Christs Coat be knit,
They make no seam, nor cause a schism in it.
But these are souldiers which do pierce Christs side;
Cast lots for's Vesture, and his Court devide.

See

See in a mighty bulk their volumes ſwell!
Heav'ns way is narrow; ſure theſe lead to Hell.
Homonymas wave, and skirmiſhing with words,
Or ſhadow fights, ſee what each book affords.
You theſe *Toſtati* may with eaſe outvie
With a ſlight ſingle ſheeted *Mercury*:
Their tumid bodies onely ſerve to tell
Poiſon within is, thus can make them ſwell.

Jeſuite.

SEE, ſee the ſubtile texture of each line!
The Spider ſpins her curious web leſſe fine.
Th'Spider infuſing poiſon, thus takes th'Fly,
While in her web ſhe weaves her deſtiny.
Beware of th'Net which from a Spider came;
Nor for the light of heav'n miſtake hells flame:
Like ſacred bellows they the ſoul may blow,
Whether to make it to Contrition glow,
And zealous fervor, or to ſubtilize,
And make't to flames of Contemplation riſe.
But ah! with ſoul on Contemplations wing,
Moſt deal as boyes with birds do in a ſtring;
Draw down on ſeeds of errour for to feed,
Or by officious handling make to bleed.
A ſpark of heav'n devotion may inſpire;
Contentions flames are kindled at hells fire.

The Church.

TH' Kings Daughters garment may diſcolour'd be,
Yet Schiſm's not made by th' variety.
Embroidred with good works Chriſts Spouſe muſt go,
Wrinkle nor ſpot in Converſation ſhow.
Where ſhadows do increaſe, the Sun declines;

Yet there will shadows be where the Sun shines.
Forms of Religion, where there is a light,
Where all is shadow, and no shadows night.
But oh while most 'bout Forms poor shadows fight,
They Charity lose, which is Religions light.
Who by disputes are drunk, and passions vext,
Cast at Antagonists heads what they meet next.
The wildefire of Contention they increase,
And not by th'Milk of th'Word it cause to cease.
Who's Pious, he is Orthodox; who loves sin,
He Heretick is: God nor his Church shares in.
Happy whose lives 'gainst errours do dispute;
Good lives convert, bad tongues can never do't.
Ith'Catholick house Churches like Sisters dwell:
Can Sisters Sisters for each brawl expell?
Men in each Church have Truth enough to save,
And to damn Angels enough Malice have.

The Polemick Protestant D.

TRuths more calcining Recollects ore-read, (bleed.
To cure Truths wounds, Truth they afresh make
Itch of Dispute, the Scab of th'Church doth breed:
How comes Truth for a Champion Falshood need?
It from Contagion sprung, their Countreys Plague,
A *Wickliff*, *Husse*, and Malecontents of *Prague*:
Waldo's Disciples, *Albingenses* too,
Must to the Muster of Truths Champions go.
Thus *Homer* to see Truth was lent strange eyes,
And *Virgil* taught for to Evangelize.
What though in Tenets all do disagree?
In opposition of one Church they be.
Churches like floting Islands in the Sea,
Carried on th'giddy waves of Vanity:
How wisely for your Hierarchy you plead,
Your Church to raise, who Church defacers need?

Who

Who laid in Common Sacred and Prophane,
To hedge theſe in, could you ſome Church-ground gain?
By th'Woman in the Wilderneſs underſtood,
As wiſely as *New-England* Brotherhood.
Chriſtian, not Pagan *Rome*, muſt *Babylon* be,
From Babyloniſh garments are you free?
Where *Rome* is *Babylon*, all your Orders hence,
They're Antichriſtian in a Browniſts ſenſe.
Rare art, to tie truth faſt, twiſt ropes of ſand,
Which every aire of Fancy may disband.
If Chriſts Coat no Seam, Church cann't Schiſm admit,
Ah then conſider how your Knot you knit!
From what they hate, none think too far they run;
On rocks of errour fail, while ſhelfs they ſhun.

The Presbyter.

CAlvin and *Viret*, rare men, calculate
Religion to their Purſes, and a State.
Churches, like Dens of Theeves, inrich'd by ſtealth,
A rare *Utopia*, *Plato's* Commonwealth.
And *Scotia* which from darkneſs takes her name,
Doth by her nature now improve the ſame.
The aëry Presbyter tun'd to *Geneva* Jig,
Th'*Scotch* Bagpipe is with wind, not wiſdome big.
Of Reformation all th'arch botchers read,
Truths garment, botcher-like, for Hell they ſhread.
Peruſe each Town, when you each Prieſt have tride,
You'll finde they People well as Texts divide.
Hotch-potch, made up 'twixt *Jews* and *Turks*,
Cry deſtiny, are *Abr'hams* ſons without his works.
He's by Election one who it believes:
Sure God loves fruit, and not Hypocriſi's leaves.
Oh may you ſons be doing Gods commands
With *Jacobs* voice, have no more *Eſau's* hands.
Theſe *Jews* the light they boaſt of Lord reveal,

May it ſhine out more then in Glow-worm zeal.
The ſuffering Martyrs in th' *Apocalyps* now,
Theſe two were Biſhops; Can you them allow?
Or did you know that Elders Biſhops were?
The names of th'Beaſt ſhould now your forehead bear.
Theſe were the grapes theſe Foxes could not reach,
Which made them cal them ſowre, againſt them preach.
The Elders and *Suſanna* ſurely be
No leſs then of *Presbytery* prophecy.
God's Church a garden, Word's a ſpring therein;
Suſanna ſoul, which there is waſh d from ſin:
Luſt in the garden there doth Elders place,
The ſoul would raviſh, and Gods ſtamp efface.
VVhile Cit and Prieſt, folly and knavery twine,
And a *Scotch Primer* muſt a ſhop book line:
Becauſe deceit and lying is their trade,
Think nothing can be truth that ages ſaid:
Nothing believe, but what's ith'ſtories writ
Of their own folly, ſquares to Cock-brain'd wit.
The Prieſt from's neſt unplum'd, and callow hops,
Not learn'd above the gibriſh of the ſhops.
Both ſerve ſev'n year, and both with ſame intent,
That they falſe ware in darker ſhops may vent.
Having defil'd his neſt, unfledg'd chirps here,
Op'ning his ſparrow mouth from ear to ear.
Hence all Religion is in mouth or ear;
'Tis not Religion to do good, but hear.
Yet ſee the wondrous fruit of 't, though they teach,
None to act good, they have learn'd all to preach.

Reſume thy black garb, wretch, it may be fit
To mourn your loſſe of Tithes, and loſſe of wit.
Canonical Belt, ſure wiſdome, to you ty'd;
Ungirt, unbleſt, VViſdome and Fortune ſlide.

Prophanum

Prophanum vulgus.
The People.

TH'Rabble's an echo made 'twixt Knave and Fool,
To work his ends, the politicians tool:
VVhile he the Devils quilted Anvile is,
On which he frames all that we finde amiſs.
Divide and Rule; theſe Foxes heads divide
Beſt for Combuſtion, by the tails they're ti'de:
VVhile th'routs a number there will errours be,
From God receſſion, who is Unity.
VVho from the firſt ſimplicities teach them ſwerve,
Give them but bread of life to make them ſtarve.
Moſt Nature call what Cuſtome is of ſin,
Vertue, not Vice, Nature implants within;
Leſt it be done to them to do no ill:
Love, which the Law and Goſpel doth fulfil;
VVe leave the things, and about names make ſtrife,
Nature exalted is a Chriſtians life.
But oh from th'ſilver forge *Diana* comes:
Religious forms are ſtamp'd to Coin new ſums,
Minted by paſſion, profit ſeduc'd zeal;
All muſt be damn'd, deny what they reveal.
Yet ſure when Juſtice up her ſcales doth hold,
For the forms ſake theſe take no lighter gold.
Lord, let us ſtrive thy Image for to bear;
The gold can ne're be light, thy Image there.
From th'droſs of ſin it muſt refined be,
Nor light with luſts can we take form from thee.

On ſervile Will, irreſpective Election and Reprobation.

AByſs of brightneſs, to whom light's a skreen,
VVho by not being viſible, beſt art ſeen.

Time is no time, if relative to thee:
Ev'n an eyes twinkling's all Eternity.
Can he with whom all's preſent, pre-ordain?
Or what place for thy preſcience can remain?
Leſs then a moment did the whole world make;
To underſtand it we need ſix dayes take;
And the ſeventh day thy goodneſs to admire,
Which in ſix thouſand year we can't acquire:
Six thouſand years are as ſix dayes to thee,
And the ſeventh day eternal *Jubilee*.
What ſtranger ſtories, Lord, of thee we tell,
While we mete Infinite with Reaſons ell?
If that I have no power, or a decree
Before or Will or Act hath manacl'd me?
Do this, and live, God ſaies, who cannot lie;
If that I cannot do't, he bids me die.
Can God deſign a treachery 'gainſt Mankinde?
Give him more light to make him the more blinde.
Sin is defin'd what's contrary to Gods will;
Yet abridge ours, and he's the cauſe of ill.
What God doth preordain, ſure his will is:
If then the ſin be done, the ſin is his.
Thus nothing's left us to deliberate,
But follow th'duct of ſtars, obey out fate.
When ſin's no longer ſin, then it is free:
Who's guilty, or ordain'd, can't 'voided be.
Sin that is contrary thus they make Gods will;
God to himſelf make contrary by ill.
Hath God two Wills, one ſecret, one reveal'd?
Good in appearance, is he ill conceal'd?
Yet theſe who made God but in outſide good,
Themſelves for more then beaſts ne're underſtood.
They rational faculties do deny of th'Soul,
Who Will and Underſtanding do controul.
If that we act not freely, where's our will?
How underſtand we? if we can't fly ill.
Like Horſe and Mule, we're held in with a bit,

Take

Take will, and vertues eſſence, gone with it.
Perſwaſions, terrors, laws, are thus made vain,
Where all are bound up in a fatal chain.
Thus in this age we through exceſs of light
Bring on our ſelves more then Egyptian night.
Though God made all, ſin's a non entity.
By making ſin thus nothing, God they'd free.
But oh! if nothing? why's man damn'd for th'ſame?
Damnation ſure for nothing never came?
As from the Turks for fate they take advice,
They dream like theirs ſure, carnal Paradice.
Lord, thou whoſe path's in deep, and way's ith'ſea,
If I can't thee contain, contain thou me.
By paſſing underſtanding, underſtood,
Know that thou onely art, and onely good.

Sectaries.

SEE of phanatique fowlers a freſh ſhole,
With baits of Liberty who decoy the Soul,
Copernicism theſe by their whimſies prove;
Where all are giddy, how can the Earth not move?
Schiſms weathercocks, with every wind turn round:
That faith's as light as aire which hath no ground,
Camelion-like with every object change,
VVhoſe faith is fancy, how can he chooſe but range?
Snails of all Hereſies which contract the ſlime;
Spunges which ſuck in all the dregs of time:
Mix with the puddle of their fancies wine
Of ſacred VVrit, intitle ſin Divine;
Honying their poiſon, ſugaring o're their ſin:
VVithout an Angel, Devil is within.
All theſe adulterers of Sacred VVrit,
Each doth a Concubine to his fancy fit.
A various gloſſe, on which his fancy ſet,
A ſpurious brood of Sectaries doth beget.

All 'gainst Idolatry cry; yet all approve,
VVhile they the Idols of their Fancies love.

Enthusiasticks.

VVHat lust and pride spontaneous Devils do,
Must that the Spirit of God inspire in you?
VVho doing ill, sayes th'Spirit acts within,
Surely he's one can consecrate his sin.
Gods Spirit in still winds, not storms doth vent,
In flames of zeal, not flames of male-content.
The primitive Christians weapons Prayers and Tears;
Truths two-edg'd sword instructs, not cuts off ears.
Like *Dæmoniack*, most are us'd to speak
Out of their bellies, most of our sounds break.
Zeal of Gods VVord was unto *David* meat;
Zeal of Gods VVord is now the zeal to eat.
The zeal of Gods house the Prophet up did eat;
You'd eat Gods houses up, your zeal's so great.
To *Abram* sons, Lord, who canst rear from stone,
Though they a stone Church hate, these stones make one.

Berean.

DArkness rewards him who in th'Ark would pry;
VVho peeps in Heav'n for light may blinded die.
Faith is an eye which blessedly is blinde;
VVhich in its blindness doth all knowledge finde.
A hand on earth, which stretch'd to God in heav'n,
VVhence all the treasures are of knowledge giv'n.
VVhere Reason's blinde, Faith prospectives should lend;
VVhere lame, Faith Reason must with wings befriend.
Though th'Elephant may swim, and Lamb here wade;
Approach not scripture, till a Lamb you're made.
Pretend not th'white stone shall be giv'n to thee,

Not

Not white like Lamb, but black by nocency.
'Tis unity in faith, orderly zeal,
And active Charity, that must Heav'n reveal.
Yet in devotion if thou art sincere,
Thou'rt in the porch, rejoice, thy heav'n is neer,
Without the practique part, the Theory's vain:
Let aëry mysteries nere unhing thy brain.
On th' Temple pinacle should thee *Belial* perch,
To God thou'rt neither nearer, nor his Church.
He'l say thou can'st not dash against a stone,
Yet every harder question's to thee one:
He'l plead by Scripture, tell thee of a Crown
He seeks to rob; doth raise to cast thee down.
To thee the good thou read'st doth not relate,
When thou dost read but into life translate.

Fiduciarie.

BElieve, onely believe, thou'rt safe; if true:
If this enough! what action need I do?
For if assurance be a good estate,
To it, from it distinct, need life relate?
If my estate be safe, if not can lies
To make me happy, by belief suffice?
If faith, before repentance justifie?
Since I am safe, need I on it rely?
It to th' continuance cannot more relate
Then inchoation of so good estate.
In vain with Jews you *Abraham* Father call,
He knows you not, know not his works at all.
God can raise *Abram* Children out of stones,
Yet flints without their fire he never owns.
Their zeal must flame, light of good works must shine,
Nought without heat and light can be divine;
'Cause faiths of things invisible, think you
Faith without works invisible's only true?

If

If strong imagination faith must be?
Magique will prove the best Divinitie.

In multiplicem Schismatis Hydram.

Universall Leprosy.

SEe! how the schisms in nations do attrive
A florent age, by wars and ruines thrive.
View how th' astonish'd world, doth silent sit,
Wondring how Leprosy hides the face of it!
Dreaming like *Constantine* that an innocents blood
Could Lepers cure, baths in a purple flood.
Swords carve no way to Heav'n, there is no spel
In guns 'gainst spirits; nor no charms 'gainst hel.
The thundring Legion enter'd Heav'n by prayer,
This is the violence thieves gives entrance there.
Lillies and Roses both to *Paradise* come:
Candid by innocence, and by martyrdome;
Saints that are purpled, not by innocent blood:
The Dragon belches forth that purple flood:
Hear not the blood which doth like *Abels* cry,
Lord hear thy Sons, who did like *Abel* dye.
Thou canst the fury of the Sea asswage,
Lord still these waters, stop the peoples rage.
Thou out of nothing could'st create a world,
Se't to a Chaos by confusion hurl'd.
Who to make light didst on the waters move;
Move on these waters and renew't by love.

On the Umbraticall Doctors on the Romish party.

HEll gates against the Church cannot prevail:
Who ere believ'd Christianity could fail?

But

But 'cauſe in clouds, muſt therefore be no Sun?
All truths in ſtreams of Roman phancies run?
Unto the end God will his Church aſſiſt.
In what is needful, not phanaticks liſt.
If th' Pope Can't erre, what need we Councels too?
In vain 'tis done by more, what few can do.
They who the Pope can't erre would teach, believe
Sure cheating others, can't themſelves deceive;
They write for hæreſie, Popes depos'd may be:
What needs the queſtion, if all Popes were free?
The Roman Church's particular, Catholick too:
Surely the Roman Church not's one, but two.
Their Councell's, like the Pope, infallible be,
Means or th' prophetick part from errors free.
Hath fallible means infallible effects?
Or what needs means, if th' ſpirit truth detects:
Councels can't erre, if to them Popes aſſent.
Sure 'fore they'r finiſh'd no confirmings ment.
If falſhood's there, can their aſſent make't true?
If truth? 'tis ſo, ſhould none aſſent thereto.
Theſe all like empty purſes open wide;
Yet nought within them, doth but air abide.

On the fencers for Religion.

THeir pens have ſwords bin which the Church did wound,
Whence all theſe ſcars are on her body found.
Polemicks of Religion ſure have writ,
Not for the truth, but exerciſe of wit:
While Scriptures, Fathers, Councells, they do wreſt.
As I name them, they uſe their names in jeſt.

B. Jewel.

THough ſtreams of light from *Jewels* of luſtre fly,
Yet cracks, and flames meet the judicous eye:
And though well poliſh'd, and not rudely ſet,
Part of the Jewel ſeems but counterfet.

Doctor Whitaker.

NOr from *Whitaker* doth the Church reap more,
Where's ſome good Corn, there's ſome with tares run ore.

Doctor Field *on the Church.*

AND though the Church hath gained a whole Field
With the beſt Corn, he doth ſome Cockle yield.

Dr. White, *Sir* H. Lynd, *Dr.* Featley *in anſwer to* Lyndomaſtix.

WHite may be black turn'd: *Lind's* not ſo well lin'd,
That to his aid he need no *Featly* find.

Maſter Perkins.

VVHat though a preacher *Perk-in* for the fight?
If not to preach, he ſtory wants to write.

Doctor Uſher

Uſher to Lady truth hath better bin,
Yet with black ſpots he brings her fair face in.

Maſter

Maſter Chillingworth *againſt* Knot.

BUt *Chilling's worth*, 'of's enemy though hot,
Is praiſe-worth, to unty a Gordian Knot.

Maſter Brightman *on the Revelation.*

IN Revelations though a *Brightman* trade,
He many blinds, and none to ſee hath made.

Maſter Mede.

M*Ede* hath ſome Honey, liquors like works, ſwels:
Yet nought's 'bove froth of phancy, which he tels.

Doctor Potter.

P*Otter* like to his name in dirt doth trade;
Yet to hold truth, he hath no verſes made.

Maſter Cotton.

TO ſpoil good paper, make foul ſcroles ith' ſame,
'Tis pitty in good ink bad Cotton Came.
He ſilent, by wild notions all might gueſſe,
New *England* Church the Church ith' Wilderneſſe.

On Biſhop Laud *againſt* Fiſher.

WHen future ages ſhall grow up to *Laud*,
They'l give thy name it's due; & thee applaud.
Rome's Fiſher in thy See could caſt no bait,
But you ſecur'd the Fiſh from the deceit.
The Fiſher ſtrook grew wiſe; and ſilent too:
The Fiſher like the fiſh, made mute by you.

The

The Spouse with decent rites, and order mov'd,
Her body had proportion to be lov'd:
In various colour'd garments, didst her bring
With Ceremonies glorious to her King.
Thou reformation's rude draught up didst fil,
And Primitive ex'llence Copy by thy skill.
At peace *Jerusalem* in her self seem'd one;
And like *Bizantium* walls an intire stone.
But now the Pastor's gone, the sheep do stray,
To Romish Wolves, and schism tick Foxes prey.
Churches like *Leda's* twins do rise and set,
Like poor mens lands by theft, do patches get;
Swinish perfections all is aim'd at now,
Parmeno-like to gruntle like a sow:
Apocryphal Priests teach no Canonical truth,
Who any learns 'tis out of th' book of *Ruth*.
Unhappy men safe virtue we despise,
Too late complain grown by our losses wise.

On Doctor Hammond.

SEraphick Doctor, bright Evangelist,
Great light dispelling errors darker mist:
Thou lend'st no phrantique zeal; phanatick fire
To blaze Contention, kindle loose desire;
No fiery *Luthers*, no rash *Calvins* zeal,
Who scarce love truths Antagonists reveal;
The knots of ridling destiny dost undo,
To clear the scriptures, and Gods justice too:
Thou mak'st the way so plain that fools can't erre:
Others their own, thou 'rt truths interpreter.
Thou to the *Revelation* lend'st a Key,
Where every word is thought a mystery.
Phanatique *Cotton*, *Brightman*, *Napier*, *Mede*,
To understand themselves a Comment need.
Thou clear'st the Roman Sea, yet wound'st her more

Then

Then thoſe inblood drench'd, made her th' ſcarlet whore.
He who ſome truths ſeeks, to advance by lies,
Againſt all truth, bold error fortifies:
Could *Hippo's* Biſhop now ſurvive, he'de be
Retracting ſtill, not to detract from thee,
The learn'd St. *Bernard* would turn pupil too:
'Cauſe *Bernard* ſees not all he'de learn of you,
Great *Cyprians* Maſter might thy ſcholer be;
And think himſelf leſſe paraclete then thee.
Thou 'twixt a *Stephen* and *Cyprian* might'ſt decide.
Who texts canſt open, yet not hearts divide;
Oreteeming zeal a Hereſie to refute,
Hath warp'd a paſſionate Father to't.
Let others prize truths armor for the ruſt,
Love for the ſerpents ſake, not truths but duſt;
While ſtreams of life phanatick phrantique mud
Thou clear'ſt, and mak'ſt truths face there underſtood;
Thou haſt no *Helena* whom thou need'ſt to fence,
Which to ſecure doſt Caſtrate ſcripture ſenſe.
Fools with the two edg'd ſword themſelves do wound:
On truths face ſcars make, which no Age mak'ſt ſound,
But our ſeraphick Doctor clears the word,
Secures the tree of life with th' flaming ſword;
Enthuſiaſticks boaſt this Ages light;
Had they but *Hammon* known, who could deny't.
The curſe of thorns, ſure ſpinous queſtions be
The Cherub knowledge, that muſt guard lifes tree.

To a Lawyer who ſaid, though men might ſpeak againſt thoſe that are called Goſpellers, none juſtly againſt them were called Lawyers.

WHo canting learn, do only mean to cheat;
Sure law's in gibriſh clothed, for deceit.

Amerce-

Amerc'ments made to fright the idle ſuit,
Have thriv'd ſo well, that they invite unto't.
Natura brevium ſure is loſt, for we
Nothing in nature can but long ſuits ſee.
An *Habeas Corpus* waits on every ſuit;
A ſuits worth nothing, if no body's to't.
Suits for *Weſtminſter*, now ſo numerous are;
Nor Judge nor Lawyer can them all outwear.
For Councel-Coyn; and count'nance men disburſe;
They ſatisfie revenge, and not their purſe.
Both writs, and Courts of error are ſo many,
Take away theſe, and Law ſcarce admits any.
What though your Cook up all the Law doth dreſſe?
He makes a French Harſh, of a Harſh French meſſe;
The Laws a two edg'd ſword by which men play,
And with their art, make it wound either way;
To tenter out their phancy, they ſtretch Law:
Wrack the name Lawyers, you'l find liers aw.
My pen wants ink, ſtate-tetters for to cure,
Nay th' ink writ *Magna Charta*, health procure.

On Magna Charta.

THe Judge that others doth by Law condemn,
Againſt himſelf a ſentence gives in them.
The bench is ſilenc'd, ev'n by Common Pleas;
The Judge himſelf, may have a Writ of eaſe,
Remov'd to th' Kings bench from the Common Pleas;
The Cook himſelf, confeſs'd he loſt his fees.
Againſt himſelf the Iuſtice ſwears the peace;
His office or his Conſcience muſt ceaſe;
There s no Aturney doth procure a writ,
But *ea ad ſat.* againſt him is in it.
And *Iack* who moſt for *Magna Charta* pleads,
Blearey'd with prejudice there no ſacriledge reads.
With knowing loyalty who have opticks ſtrung;

If

If they have eyes to ſee, muſt have no tongue?
Muſt th'people have their right, no Churchmen theirs?
Sure wicked grown, of th'Promiſe they're no heirs.
The benefit of their Clergy pray them give,
They may grow better, and deſerve to live.
The Law is Reaſon, but can it be had?
Men paſſionate grown, Paſſion is Reaſon mad.
And oh for th'Rout, who do the Law unſheath,
May to mad men a naked ſword bequeath.

The Character of Loyall Friendſhip:

To his Honored Coz. Euſeby Petſant.

HE's free, who's wiſe, to rule himſelf doth know;
Conquer'd, by patience conquer can his foe:
Whom enemies ſerve to poliſh, ruſt off file;
Envy's ruſt eats not in, or makes more vile.
Theſe flails ſerve onely husks off for to beat,
And to heav'ns granary render purer wheat;
More fertile grows, like to the bleeding Vine;
In fortunes night, ſtar-like doth brighter ſhine.
Thoughs's Maſters fort's be loſt, retains one ſtill
Of braſſe within: is conſcious of no ill.
Though fortunes Tennis ball yet mounts on high,
Caſt on the earth, from thence to heav'n doth fly:
Grows beſt ith' ſhade, like the triumphant Bay,
And green with vertue doth his boughs diſplay.
The froſt of th'times to this Corns nutriment turns,
Who like a torch that's beaten, brighter burns:
Can ſmile at all the Pageantry of vice;
Poor vertue happier think, with her own price.
To Velvet Cùſhions no devotion pay;
Knows ſtraw within, though their outſides be gay.
In giddy Tumults doth ingage no friends,

Whom servile fear betrays, or baser ends.
Will neither Protest, Covenant, or Ingage,
Or sacrifice Conscience to the Rabbles rage.
Though the people waters th'wiseman is a Rock,
Unmov'd doth th'fury of the waters mock.
Pleas of Religion doth no Hackney make,
To carry lusts, and tir'd doth them forsake.
Nor lur'd unto the fancy of the times,
To profit stoops, adopting others crimes.
Happy 'bove th'Lord, who plays at petty game
Rather then sit out, sits and votes his shame:
Whose presence for a testimonial serves;
No house can lower be then he deserves.
Who sacrifice Reason to Succesle, must rear
To Fortune Altars, pay devotion there.
In History no trifler but doth know
At Vertues root, Envy a Worm doth grow.
An *Aristides*, *Phocion*, *Greece* exiles;
Coriolan and *Scipio*, *Rome* despoils.
'Tis Kingly to do good, and suffer ill:
Since 'tis a Royal mode retain it still.
Kisse but the rod, your father leaves his ire;
Correction past may cast it in the fire.
It doth but humble on your knees you bring,
And from an earthly teach to serve heav'ns King.
Of all your servants have the times left one?
Who serves himself, serv'd best, and hath got none.
Scorn scurrilous plaints; no mouth-granadoes vent
'Gainst foes; above them plac'd, while you're content.
Who wants not that, which wanting, nature grieves
Can't want, each one as much hath, as believes.
Who to desire hath nought, nought to admire,
Th'*Magnifico* on State-Pyramids plac'd's not higher.
A Centuple retribution waits his losse,
Whom faith can teach t' imparadise a Crosse.
On Fortunes Rack we easily life despise;
Broke on her Wheel, who smiling suffer 's wise.

To the Son of the late King.

Rule o're thy ſelf, the Worlds Epitome;
Then *Charls* the Great, thus thou maiſt greater be.
Not ſecond *Charls*, but ſecond unto none;
Not where he loſt, gain where he gain'd a Throne.
See ſixty *Scottiſh* Kings purpled with blood:
To be beaſt like for ſacrifice crown'd, is't good?
I lift each day a hand for thee in prayer:
To raiſe thee up by blood, I none can rear.
Of one dayes rule, a Tyrant hear complain,
Him happy call, din'd, and reſign'd again.
Hear a fourth *Henry* tell his ſon, a Crown,
Did he but know the weight, hee'd ſlight it down.
Who carries loads on'shead, muſt ev'nly go;
And they who gain them Crowns, had need do ſo.
O who would wiſh a loaden Aſſes pack?
Yet Honour galls, more then it galls the back.
The Worlds *Magnifico's* all day laden are;
With Conſcience gall'd, to ground at length repair.
The world abounds with men that doe abound;
That knows to do it, ſcarce a man is found.
Tranſported pride doth God forget by pelf,
Her neighbour Avarice, th'Prodigall himſelf.
Hence ith'worlds bucket, like the Captives wheel,
As one goes up, another down doth reel.
Honour's a ſhadow, interpoſe a cloud,
And a perpetual darkneſſe doth it ſhrowd
In chaſe, then purchaſe we more pleaſing finde,
Too great for bodies, little for the minde:
Leſſe then wee'd have, more then to uſe we know,
So both ſuperfluous, and defective too.
In valour, ſtrength, and Allies, who would truſt,
Which Diamond-like are cut by their own duſt.
What's built on ſmoke, how can it laſting be?
The worlds Foundation's laid in Vanity.

See *Otho* fall, Firſt *Charls* reſign a Throne,
That Eagle-like he may mount heav'n for one:
Though like a King of *Jews*, thou thorns doſt wear,
Rejoice with him, thy Kingdome is not here.
'Bout names we trifle, and forget the thing:
Wouldſt be a ſlave to ſlaves? Then be a King.

News for News to a degenerate Cavalier.

Geneva Brotherhood are turn'd Cavaliers;
Scot-like they'll leather guns make of their ears.
The *Dutch* of Butterboxes will a Navy make:
If true, ſuch ſhips as theſe they'll not forſake:
Or ſome in healths ſay they'll carouſe up ſeas;
If ſo; to joyn with them will Roy'liſts pleaſe.
Low Countries can't want men as ſome do fear;
One there had Children for each day of th'year.
The *Spaniſh* too, with whiskers will invade,
Each hair is fork'd, worſe then a two-edg'd blade:
The gallant *French* come too with braver ſhapes;
The *Engliſh* at firſt ſight they'll change to Apes.
VVhat though the King in *England* Caſtles wants,
Morocco's King on Elephants Caſtles plants:
And for a Preſent, Caſtles mann'd will ſend:
VVee'll Caſtles too ith'Aire build, ſhall befriend.
The VVorld ith'Moon too lately is found out,
It will with Lunaticks joyn, we need not doubt.
VVith fire from heav'n thus *Dover's* in our power;
The *Thames* wee'll turn to flames, ſhall burn the Tower.

Is your Cauſe good? the primitive weapons take,
Of pray'rs and tears a thundring Legion make.
You ev'ry day in Oathes could breathe a prayer
VVith noiſe and threats, as if yours Thunder were.
Fools, who caſt darts 'gainſt heav'n, fel on th'Kings head:

Mee'k

Meek Lamb, for your ſins he was offered.
Then times nor manners cry, but for your own
Bad manners ſuch bad times had ne're been known.
VVhoſe heir to land, he muſt be heir to wit;
Fools fortune have, but wiſe men guardian it.
The fools ſeed in his tail, wiſe man in's brain:
Thus wiſe men fools, and fools wiſe children gain.
The ſons of Bulruſhes, lechery of each fool,
Thus o're your fortunes, and o're you muſt rule.
Boaſt not of Titles, nor of generous blood;
VVhat virtue gain'd, loſe virtue; they're not good.

To a degenerate thing falſely called A NOBLE.

FIe! fie! Can nothing noble ſpeak, 'bove Oathes,
Or th'Apiſh varniſh of ſome modiſh Clothes?
Or to learn Jockey phraſe, dialect of th'hound?
Whoſe virtue, like your own, is all in ſound.
Or can diſtinguiſh Lanner, Lanneret,
Falcon, Iarfalcon, Goſshawk, and cry Ret;
Hares ſtart, Deer rowſe, that Partridge ſprung is knows,
What Woodcocks be by's noſe that's cup fluſh'd ſhows;
Or to unkennel Fox can wiſely tell:
Rare Gentleman highly bred, though ſcarce can ſpell;
And writes his Name in Text, with ſuch a paw,
You'd ſwear 'twas catechiz'd with the Devils claw.
Or th'Country air's too dull, he muſt to th'Burſe
Of Blaſphemy, Irreligions Nurſe;
Where's not a look but's baited for to cheat,
And not a tongue but's oyled for deceit.
Of's Families blood carouſing cups here fill,
And bids it die, while he his Die throws ill.
Where theft's unpuniſh'd, pleaſing murders be,
Got in a crowd of ſin mad amity:
Or turns a City Chymiſt, dirt refines

To gold; in Manours, not Manners ſhines.
Taking a pattern by the Lord May'rs ſhow,
Trimm'd gay, and like a Pageant gilt doth go:
Whom Law findes out before on it he looks,
Gains all his knowledge by his Mercers books.
Or peeps in *France* brave man, where he's no ſpy;
In riddling Statiſts Myſteries ſcorns to pry:
Yet returns Ape transformed *Al-a-mode*,
With Pedlers gibriſh, and a Pedlers load.
Or in antipathy gets the *Spaniſh* ſhrug,
And looks as grave as th'man ith'Alehouſe Iug:
Anſwers by nods, the ſtupid would ſeem grave;
Who nothing vents, muſt a ſtrange fulneſſe have.
The ſilent Aſſe might Lord ith'Lions skin,
But when he bray'd, all knew an Aſſe within.
Affected geſture, and a ſowrer look,
With graver voice, for wiſdome would be took.
And peep up Stateſman, though the wiſer dead
Were ne're of 's Counſel, nor hath th'living read.
Theſe are the Comets rear'd from th'fat of earth,
Preſage Kings ruine, and the People death.

A Character of a Compleat Gentleman:

To Iohn Cotton *Eſq; Heir to the Knowledge and Virtue, as well as to the Honour and Fortunes of his Anceſtors.*

To his Coz. George Boſwel *Eſq; rich in Deſert as Fortune.*

THou to the lame art legs, eyes to the blinde,
They their own wants in thy perfections finde.
Thou pluck'ſt no houſes down, to rear thy own;
The poor Gods houſes rear'ſt out of thy ſtone.

Thou

Thou to the poor giv'ſt bread, ev'n out of ſtone;
And not to him who asks bread, giveſt one.
Thy door is open, and thy heart ſo too;
Haſt both enough, and heart enough to do.
Thou not incloſeſt to fence out the poor,
But an incloſure art to keep their ſtore.
Sheep eat no men, thy men thy ſheep do eat;
In tears of others wil'ſt not ſtew thy meat.
To dogs the Childrens bread thou doſt not give,
Make thy dogs fat, ſcarce let thy ſervants live.
Thy father gives thee dirt, thou mak'ſt it gold,
Virtue refines it to a better mold.
Gold the Suns childe thou let'ſt the father ſee,
That it may make a childe of light of thee.
Thou bragg'ſt no ſtem; think'ſt vice improves no blood,
Should vice or taint, or virtue ſpeak not good.
For Honour, Conſcience doſt not put to ſale;
Or thy Religion ſteer by profits gale.
Imbib'ſt no dregs ev'n in theſe lees of time,
A licenc'd ill can'ſt think no leſſer crime.
Thou drink'ſt no health for to impair thy own,
By th'cup-ſhuſh'd face think'ſt noble blood not ſhown.
By no raſh humour ſwell'ſt the Kingdoms ſpleen,
From whoſe bulk th'leanneſs hath of th'body been.
Where he who gains no Idol for his luſt,
An Idol Fancy gets of Cits on truſt.
While profit's th'Prophet that doth teach it there,
Religion ſhew'd by darker ſhops like ware.
Theſe not th'world onely, but think God to cheat,
Forge ſome new light, he's theirs by the deceit.
Theſe take not thee, nor thoſe Hawks tow'ring prize,
While they can grovel in impurities.
Thy Reaſon is a Hawk, which takes a flight,
As if ſhe'd neſt her in a Sphere of light.

What would a nurſe more for her childe heav'n woo,
Then to have good, know how to uſe it too.

Nobility innobled.

A Character of the most excellent Marquis of Dorchester, *Earl of* Kingstone, *The Lord* Pierrepont.

IN Honours Sphere thou like a Sun art shown,
Impart'st light, yet not impair'st thy own.
The Poets *Phœbus*, and Physicians too,
Nay ev'n Church lights have influence from you.
They who laid hands on others for to preach,
On them th'times hands lay for to silence teach.
Thy hands relieve the mischief others do;
They're strangely tongue-ty'd cannot speak of you.
No gilt-tongu'd Lawyer but doth plead for thee;
When thou'rt but nam'd, he hath his Angel fee.
Physicians 'bove *Catholicon* thee quote,
'Gainst times infection their best antidote.
Thou read'st the living, yet neglect'st not th'dead,
Hast both in Books and Skeletons them o're read.
But oh th'rich incense of each virgin prayer,
While parents virtues now made dowries are!
Stream to posterity honour in thy blood,
VVhat vice nor th'times Contagion taints, is good.
Plaistred with blood no house on ruines built,
VVith others gold rear'd up, but thy own gilt.
'Bove Constellations may thy Coronet shine:
Honour her self is honour'd being thine.
VVho the lost Cyphers th'house of Lords complains,
VVhile that perfections summe in thee remains.

On Thomas *Lord* Wentworth *Earl of* STRAFFORD.

SAy not the Army took the Kingdomes head,
For *Charls* in *Strafford* a long time was dead.

The

The King with his own hand himſelf did ſlay:
The hand took *Straffords*, took his head away.
How could his head upon his ſhoulders ſtand,
Gave leave to take th' beſt headpiece in his Land?
None durſt to knowledge *Strafford* dead pretend;
Wiſdoms Monopoly with his head did end.
With the *Wentworth*; ah worth with thee was fled!
Ireland no venom, *Strafford* living bred,
Nor *England* Wolves, which could her ſheep devour,
They plac'd him, would haveplac'd them, in that Tower.
The ſilly ſheep a league with wolves would make,
They ask their dogs, dogs gone, their lives they take.
Nor wanted *Strafford* guilt, though wanted Law;
He for his death, did his own warrant draw;
He drew the heads, took his; his caſe the ſame,
He gave himſelf the ſtab in *Buckingham*:
When he cry'd charge him high, ſhould the Law fail,
The rabble that knows no Law will prevail.
Nor thrive they better his black Curtain draw,
They ſince have found neceſſity hath no Law.
May none with greatneſſe ſurfet that ſucceed,
And for ſtate phyſick be preſcrib'd to bleed.
Whence the bloody iſſue, hath run twelve year,
Lord let it ſtop while we by faith draw near.

Summum jus ſumma injuria in jure regni.

GOld Crowns are Coyn'd by ſteel, and ſtamp'd by might,
Thus the Saxons, Daniſh, Normans, Tudors right.
The Roman Eagles ceaſed on their prey;
Their talons ſwords were carv'd the Empires way.
'Twas ſteel that gave the Spaniard all his gold:
By's *Bilbo* blades he doth his Indies hold.
To edge blunt tools the Prieſt talks of the word.
'Tis ſteel that conquers, not the two-edg'd ſword.

The

The Ottoman Moon had elſe bin in the wane;
Refulgent ſteel doth it new luſtre gain.
The greateſt injury is the greateſt right:
Yet out of darkneſſe God creates a light,
While *Greece* did make a Conqueſt of the world,
She with her arms her arts about it hurl'd.
Civility did with Roman Eagles fly;
To *Tames* a way to learn civility.
Who Conquers bodies, may he Conquer Minds;
And leave us men whom he like wild beaſts finds.
Though he a Kingdom gains, we ſhall loſe none;
When every man doth in himſelf gain one,
Who is no prop to a declining throne,
Sins 'gainſt his Kings in Earth, in Heav'n his own,
He's traitor helps a traitor to a Throne,
Yet who reſiſts him on it may be one;
Martlets and *Capets* treaſons thrones acqu ir'd;
Yet both ſo well rul'd *France*, thought both inſpir'd.
A petty notary rul'd ſo well in *Rome*
The time of the golden Age, did th' name aſſume.
Otho may ſacrifice 'f all for publick good;
Good with ten thouſands loſſe's no right of blood.

On Poverty.

WHat art thou poverty, thou ſo much art fled
Chriſt ſpous'd thee living, us bequeath'd thee dead:
Ambition never tenters thee on racks;
No vulture gnaws thy heart; plot thy brain cracks;
No emulous rival haſt; no hollow friend;
Doſt in the place thou'rt born ſecurely end:
By healthful hunger ſauc'd meats happy be;
No table made a ſnare by gluttonie;
By neighb'ring floods ſav'ſt charges of exciſe;
Drink which the wiſe makes fools, can make thee wiſe!

No

No Dropſies fear'ſt; no Gout; nor no Catarrh;
Palate with body nere Commences war;
Thy body and thy Conſcience both are clear;
Haſt nothing here to hope, or ought to fear,
No man to cut this ſhrub down, his axe whets;
Nor a ſelf-wounding Conſcience by regrets.
While others ſport of winds; hoiſt into th' deep,
Along the ſhore he doth ſecurely keep.
The Oſtridgs body hindereth her wings,
While ſuch a lark mounts up, with eaſe and ſings.
Who deſires little, he thinks little much;
Such as deſires are, ev'n our Riches ſuch.
What dead thou canſt enjoy, alive deſpiſe.
Who ſets his heart on others goods, not wiſe.
For this, ah this Princes chang'd Crowns for Cells;
He's Crown'd with joy; with whom contentment dwels.

The pleaſures of the VVorld.

VVIſe mens deſires which of their ſouls are ſayles,
Should ſteer to Heav'n; while ſighs ſend thither gales;
And down on appetites like to fiſhes look;
Which run at rotten worms which hide a hook;
Begot of ſenſe, which like abortives die;
With ſhame and grief ſeaſon ſatietie;
Dreams which diſturbance have, not reſt of ſleep:
Various as Children ſporting at Bo-peep.
Of *Syſiphus* ſtone, or an *Ixions* wheel,
What Poets phancy, here we true may feel:
Felicities are floting Iſlands which retire:
As ſoon as we to touch them do deſire,
Or ere relapſing actious life's a toyl;
Where for one Roſe, a thouſand thorns us ſpoil.
See how from walnuts troops of ſilly boyes;
Men perſue bubles, end before their noiſe.

Who

Who ſaid an egge the joyes of th' world confin'd:
Deceiv'd not, though it broke, ſhow'd nought but wind.
Joy onely tickles th' outſide of the skin:
Sweet waters Seas of bitterneſſe run in.
What can we draw from th' world, but buble ſwell,
Break, vaniſh, *Dives* lend no drop in Hell.
Pleaſure's a wandring bird, doth ſinging ſit,
But fly's away when you would catch at it.
Would you of th' world, the greateſt pleaſure know,
Pleaſure condemn; it from contempt doth grow.

A defence of Curioſity: an unſetled mind in unſeled times; to weak Calumnie and proud ignorance.

THE world is but a Theater of ill;
Knaves, Fools, and madmen do the ſtage up fill;
Religion the vizard is which moſt put on
To act their parts; parts done, the vizards gone.
Which mimick geſture, and affected tone,
Few perſonate the part that is their own.
The ſhriveld's old wretch, acts the Gyants part:
And the pent ſcul muſt th' magazine be of art.
He's more then an *Apollo* that can ſhow,
T'en talk, preach, ſcribe of the things they know.
For birds ſure 'tis ſtrange happineſſe to be hedg'd,
There chirp and make a noiſe, before thei'r fledg'd;
What though to pillory'd truth I reſcue go,
I this day books, the next I men would know;
Undo my ſelf leſt I might be undone;
There's *Parthian* like by flight, ſome victory won.
What though I laugh at all, all laugh me:
Democritus blind, more then an age could ſee.
Eyes bloodshot red, *Ictericks* yellow ſpy;
VVho thinks the ſtars twinckle, 'tis his own weak eie.
Thus I read men and books, and have a key
To each mans breaſts, which is my Library.
All natures giddy imperfections read

Me

Me lectures, and confirm in virtues Creed.
More then the gam'ſter, ſees the ſtander by;
This lifes an art of caſting of the die:
The world's the Inne, in which the cheaters meet,
Scarce life a paſſage hath without deceit.
If *Proteus*-like I each day vary ſhapes;
To learn their natures 'tis, not imitate apes.
Spunges with error ſwol'n I uſe to ſqueeſe,
To know their filth, not drink in their diſeaſe.
Though heat 'bove dogdaies revels in my blood
To quench the luſt-ſcorch'd Lecher lend a flood.
Orecharg'd with liquor nere a ſpung can ſpy
That I with liquor want an orecharg'd eye.
Yet none leſſe then a *Merlin* muſt I fall?
Fools bolts are ſoon ſhot, muſt they wound me all?
VVhen pride and folly do in judgement ſit,
Can they vote leſſe then treaſon in a wit?
See the ſilly herd of animals raiſe a cry!
Are pleas'd with th' noiſe they make, yet know not why;
The birds which do in fortunes ſunſhine play,
A ſtorm impending, Croak and fly away.
Dogs which with clamor flying heels purſue,
Turn and their tails ſhall complement with you.
I change my friend, oft as I change my cloths;
Who'd not love rags, which thus can take theſe moths.
VVho's gay without, thought only rich within;
Knowledge and follies ſhrine's no veniall ſin.
Plato's to me for all hence giddy croud,
Under whoſe wings folly muſt onely ſhroud.
Vant wretch, whom nature hudled up in haſt,
And all thy wiſdom in thy riches plac'd;
At knowledge tryal let her have her peers;
Know juſtice ſome paint blind, none without ears.
VVould you in long Coats have all peep up ſages;
In gravity and wiſdom baffling ages?
I am too wiſe already, if that you

To underſtand me gain not wiſdom to,
Plato's a friend, and *Socrates* is one,
But truth is more a friend, who leaves me none.
Could *Bias* that was wiſe deformed be?
Or could be poor, that had Philoſophie?
Empedocles knowledge would to Heav'n ally;
I'l into ſtars for new alliance pry.
Yet *Thales*-like, while I the ſtars do view,
Not fall ith well, to make your proverbs true.
Plato ſaies, reaſon man diſcerns from beaſt;
Muſt, *Gryphin*-like, I gold pile in a neſt?
VVhereof thou haſt no uſe, wretch hoard up pelf:
He nothing hath, hath all, and not himſelf.
To's Son, if wiſe, the Cynick nothing gave;
Wiſemen all natures treaſuries open have.
What though a rouling ſtone gathers no moſſe?
For to be clog'd with dirt's not gain, but loſſe.
I make the way to truth ſmooth, while I roul;
To keep dirt down, not gather'ſt uſe of ſoul,
The creeping things of th' world are all below
A wiſe mans thoughts, whoſe onely end's to know;
Not curious it deſires, that he may know;
Nor vain to flaſh; and to the world it ſhow:
Nor covetous knowledge doth for profit ſeek,
But edifie himſelf, and build up th' week;
Inth' Sea of th' world can he to ſteer right know,
Hath onely learn'd in ſome poor pond to row?
Thus a raſh Pilot doth to Sea reſort,
In winds, and waves of error to make ſport;
While the wiſe balanc'd with a richer fraight,
'Gainſt ſtorms of errors, counterpois'd by weight.
He ſhould be wiſe a troubled Sea muſt enter,
And well pois'd too all in one bark doth venter,
But oh ith' world no other art I find,
Beſide the tacking round with every wind.

The Character of a good widow.

Memoriæ ſacrum Heroniæ adeo exoptatiſſimæ & medullitus dilectiſſ. materteræ,
Eliz. Boſwel.

Epitaphie.

NEc vane dives, nec inani nomine nobilis,
Eliz. Boſwel *hic ſepulta jaceo ;*
Divitibus ſpecimen virtutis; viduis Continentiæ ;
Providentiæ matribus ; & hæc nimis
Humanæ inconſtantiæ ſpeculum omnibus !
Quam eximiæ fui pietatis, diſce à liberis ;
Quam diffuſiva charitatis, audi à proximis:
Quam inexplebilis munificentiæ, & à meis quære & ab alienis;
Quam ſpectatæ fui fidei; opera te inſtruunt;
Quam famæ adeo integræ, etiam hoſtes tibi indicant:
Quum neque jam muſſitet invidiæ aut Calumnia obmurmuret.
Quam intemeratæ pudicitiæ, non minus Caſta
Quam Cauta viduitas edocet;
Primulæ veris viduæ, delicatulæ, diviti,
Mihi ſoli Conjux non occubuit ſenex;
In quadrigâ liberorum charus æque ac ſuperſtes:
Quibus heu tandem, ut bonis omnibus, flebilis occidi;
At nulli flebilior quam nepoti,
Qui monumentum & luctus, & pietatis, hoc poſuit.

On the death of Miſtris E. Kineſm, *whom age had transform'd to a* Sceleton.

I Wonder not thou'rt dead, but how could'ſt live:
Or to a *Sceleton* why they buriall give.
Sure *Pelican* like to your own children food,

You

You firſt your bowels gave, and then your blood.
Or age refin'd thee, 'cauſe the way was ſtrait,
And took thy fleſh, to fit thee for Heav'n gate.
Or twindled to a Child, 'cauſe none muſt venter,
But who's child-like, the heavenly Palace enter.
They live long, who live well: what meets in you
To live both long and well, is rarely true.
A parent not in empty name, but care:
Indeed a widow, yet no widow were,
Your husband in your love to him ſurviv'd;
Whoſe heart, fleſh, life, was his, was he ſhort liv'd?
Who would your praiſes fully but indite,
Doth need an Age, long as you liv'd, to write.

To a painted Lady, a Calf ſpotted, luſts Idol, like the Idol of the Egyptians.

MAdam, why ſo fair? why ſo foul?
What can no leſſe intrap a ſoul?
Art acts adultery in your skin:
When hell's without, ah what's within!
Who would dote on painted bliſſe,
Which melts away with every kiſſe?
Or who would tie his love to hair?
Make love like it the ſport of air.
The moon hath ſpots, and ſo have you;
The emblems change, and you'l ſo too.
Or you theſe foils for beauty wear,
'Cauſe *Venus* ſome feign, moles made fair,
Who gain a love, by ſeeming fair,
Their love, and beauty like fate ſhare:
Love ſhifts, when you but ſhift your face:
Or outcomes, when you teeth diſplace:
Puppits which move by phancies wire,
Let th' rich in fooleries deſire:

Think

Think you each hair in curls a hook,
Baited with powder fools are took.
To me the powd'ring of the hair
Makes you ſeem aged, and not fair.
Or like a ſheeps-head's wooll doth ſhow,
VVho mates you, for a Ramme muſt go.
Black patches do betray defects:
Beauty's beſt ſeen in her neglects.
Cupid in black in your face ſpread,
Mourns there for love and beauty dead.
And your half Moon in this black veil,
Shews you can change, though luſtre fail.
Or think you here *Egyptians* be,
For th' ſpotted Calf may worſhip thee?
An Ape is, though no *Apis* ſhown,
VVithout your ſpots can make you one.
I ſearch no pedigrees, nor care
VVho ow'd your breath, or teeth, or hair:
Yet though in breath we *Saba* meet;
The ſmell's not well, ſmells alwayes ſweet:
Though paint and plaiſtring may be gins
To paſſengers, tempt to rotten Inns.
Ceruſe nor *Fucus* e're can move,
VVhere Religion fixes love.
'Tis neither marble, gold, nor paint,
But the Adorer makes the Saint.

To a Lady of Pleaſure.

CEaſe, *Phryne*, ceaſe, leave off thy Charms,
Leave the circling of thine arms.
Each circle is a Magick ſpell,
VVould Devils raiſe in fleſh to dwell.
VVho's paſſionate with wanton love,
Unto himſelf a hell doth prove.
By paſſions, Poets furies meant;

Their ſnakes were ſins, which men torment.
Miſchief with miſchief 's tangled in;
The twines of ſnakes are wayes of ſin.
Their skins are gay, but tails lodge ſtings;
Thus are the pleaſures *Venus* brings.
Theſe kiſſe like *Judas*, and betray;
And Crocodile-like, both weep and ſlay.
Thus Teile trees yield a pleaſing ſhade,
But of their fruit's a poiſon made:
Or *Sodoms* Apples, th'fruits of ſin,
Are fair without, and foul within.
To fiſh for Souls, Luſt's hells gilt bait,
On which a ſharper hook doth wait.
Murder with Fornication twins;
Murder ends, what Luſt begins.
The ſpurious iſſues of baſe wombs,
Where they have life receive their tombs.
Luſt from the beſt things venom makes;
As th'Spider from th'beſt herbs it takes.
Enſigns of peace tranſlates to wars,
Where Souls have wounds, and Honour ſcars.
Her mouth ſtreams honey, heart hath gall:
Luſt's ſweets are thus embitter'd all.
When luſtful Amoriſts fires do name,
Sure they anticipate here hells flame.

Who ſin in's breaſt, a Devil keeps therein:
But *Madg'len* like they ſev'n lodge, lodge this ſin.
Where Luſt doth enter it the ſtrong man bindes;
It makes a *Sampſon* weak, and ſo him blindes.
Here hairs are leſſe then ſins, luſt takes the hair
As it did *Sampſons*, but the ſin leaves there.
In th'act of ſin the tumid members tell
Luſt is a venom, which can make them ſwell.

To

To his Lady Book.

COme, Book, my Miſtris, neither proud nor coy,
The gay nor impudent Mymicks thee enjoy;
Nor all the empty revellings of vice
Raviſh a ſweetneſſe, virtue's her own price:
Thou ſhalt unlock me th'treaſuries of the deep,
For me earths boſome ſhall her riches keep;
Which to an heav'nly quinteſſence I'le refine,
As the laſt fire earth will for heav'n calcine.
So better'd Nature ſhall my ſervant be:
Mine the Elixir of Philoſophy.
Thus I the golden age again will bring;
From dregs of th' iron age out gold ſhall ſpring.
Then I'le to th'Sky, it *Atlas*-like uphold,
While I th'Star-ſpangled Canopy unfold.
The Heav'ns a Book, the Stars the Letters be,
Where I will ſpell out ridling Deſtiny.
Then heav'ns twelve houſes I'le to tenements make,
And for them rent, will by Aſtrology take.
Hence I'le ſlide down into the ſilent grave,
And of the ſleeping world the riches have.
Unravel Ages paſt, and from th'dark night
And Chaos of Confuſion, force a light.
And quicken fire from aſhes of each Urn,
Where hallow'd tapers ſhall to light me burn.
The preſent teach, and future: Correct th'age paſt;
'Tis Knowledge Empire muſt to ages laſt.
The wiſe man is the King none can depoſe:
Can th'Cockatrice cruſh ith'egg, unking his foes.
Can rebel paſſions unto reaſons bar,
Which menace Soul and Fortune with a war.
Then States and Churches, Fancy ravels through,
This *Oedipus* thoſe *Sphinxes* can undo.
In Aph'riſms truth impriſon'd I'le ſet free;
Her th'bottom of the well can't hide from me:

Nor th' *ἀυτὸς ἐφη* of the *Ottoman* race,
To raiſe himſelf all others would deface.
I'le laugh at him with *Ariſtotles* ſcolds,
Believes no light but what's dark lanthorn holds.
Or *Galens* ſcurf, thinks th'quinteſſence of art,
Who what *Elixir* was could ne're impart.
Can he of Natures privy Councel be,
Shew rooms within, who ne're did intrails ſee?
Strange Lapidaries price of gems would tell
Viewing the Cask, not what within doth dwell.
Sev'n year of ſtudy thus of famine be,
The ſoul not fated with Philoſophy.
All dream like *Pharaoh*, but no *Joſephs* here,
Egyptian Sages wiſe in vain appear.
See th'walking Library, whom men *Doctor* call,
A ſcold well diſciplin'd, learnedly can brawl:
Like *Cadmus* ſouldiers notions in his brain,
By mutual quarrels have each other ſlain.
Hath tympanies of terms, a Cobweb net
Of pois'nous *theſes* for a Fly can ſet.
Like the fiſh *Sleve*, which preſents a ſword,
Yet by inſpection doth no heart afford.
Though ſeeming vigour and acuteneſſe be,
There is no heart in their Philoſophy.
A ſhallow puddle doth reſemblance bear
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, and all heav'ns glory there:
Yet with a finger you may fathom it:
Seas are too deep for th' *Stagirites* great wit.
He on his followers ſhallowneſſe doth intail;
From th'bottom of the well truth gets no bail.
Surely they dream, if dreams in fancy be:
Fancies are Maxims of Philoſophy.

On Retirement.

I Leave the world, it me, yet not alone,
Nor left, have ages for my patrons known.
Or can I be alone, who treat with th'world,
Which is within, your's to th'firſt Chaos hurl'd.
I onely then to be alone begin,
When on my privacies Scioliſts crowd in.
Thus I can pinion time, memory recruit;
From th'Age ſnatch th'ſickle, and reap Wiſdomes fruit.
In th'Scheme of th'world my own Nativity finde,
And there gain eyes to ſee where Chance is blinde.
The fool is ſolitary, wiſe-man ne're alone,
Who hath himſelf, wants no companion.
Who ſerves himſelf is never ſerv'd amiſſe;
Retirement Wiſdoms Couſin German is.
Men live like caged birds, crowd and defile
Each other, while Religion's in exile.
Who leaves himſelf, 'tis he doth living die;
Inherits worms, who here keeps company.
All do like worms on putrefaction prey,
Or in their actions rottenneſſe diſplay.
Remote from th'Sun, our dayes are there more long;
Digeſtion better, life and growth more ſtrong.
Th'worlds glories ſcorch us, dazle, or exhale;
Or ſin turns *Ethiop*, or guilt makes us pale.
Yet when theſe ſcorch, retire, within's a Cave;
In our own bodies we may cooling have.
If Fortunes freeze, or more obſcured be;
The ſouls within, a torch, light, warmth for thee.
Each ſown *Umbrella* is, and his own ſun;
Deſert thy ſelf, thy joy and light is done.
Thus you may gain what others ſtrive to ſeem;
Let me gain Knowledge, others gain Eſteem.

Man a Microcoſm.

NAtures Compendium, th'worlds Epitome,
Our fleſh is earth, our blood is as a Sea.
Have heav'n in Knowledge; Soul of Gods a ray,
Which in the night of fleſh breaks forth a day.
What light without, that knowledge is within,
Through th'eyes the windows of our Souls let in.
To circle bout the world the blood's a Sun,
The Stars the ſenſes, which their courſes run.
Motions and perturbations of the minde,
Reſemble tempeſts, thunder, lightning, wind,
Which in our aëry Region do ariſe,
To cloud the minde, and ſo obſcure the Skies:
Theſe on the blood Commotions once begun,
We loſe th'effect of light by th'clouded ſun.
Tumors like Meteors in our bodies riſe,
The exhalations of impurities:
And in a Colique or Hyſterique fit,
We feel pent wind a Earthquake make in it.
Congealed ſlime like Thunder-bolts, we finde
By heat of reins in clouds of fleſh confin'd.
Our minde the day is, and our fleſh the night,
Death is but darkneſſe, and our life the light.

Of the Blood.

POets feign *Phœbus* bluſhing ſets in red,
While he deſcends down to his watery bed.
Sure in theſe purple ſtreams the Sun doth glide,
And in his Crimſon Chariot bluſhing ride,
While he doth circle through the leſſer world,
Through veins of earth in ſtrange *Meanders* curl'd.
Now in a full tide channels doth diſdain,
Flows into fleſh, and then ebbs back again.

Thus

Thus blood, Sun-like, gives motion, life and ſenſe,
Spirit, and innate heat are nought from hence.
Diſtinct from Blood, who can the Soul ought call;
'T is all in every part, and all in all.
Though Nature ſeems reſtor'd by Cock-white-broth,
It is a Sun beam Chariots in the froth.
Thus man can't get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of Generation.
'Tis light is life; 't may place change, never dies,
And by its nature onely multiplies.
How of the body is the Soul the act,
When without it no body is compact?
Do we our ſenſes borrow from the brain,
When before it our ſenſes do remain?
Or is the heart or liver ſhops of blood,
When before either is a purple flood?
Here is that *Plato's*, here that veſtal fire
Kindled by Sun-beams, which can ne're expire.
Take away heat, 'tis *Cruor* and not blood,
Streams of impurities iſſue with this flood:
Ouſe into fleſh, and out by Ulcers run:
Yet ne're were blood, no nature took from th'ſun.
Though blood-ſhews like a heat enamell'd cloud,
Corruption with diſcolouring don't ſhrowd.
Lord, what is man thou ſhould'ſt thus mindeful be?
Placing in him this tutelar Deity.
Water and Earth poor man, at beſt but mud;
By th'quickning ray of heav'n turn'd fleſh and blood.
When thou but tak'ſt of heav'n this light away,
That which before was fleſh and blood, is clay.
Gods Tabenacle thus plac'd in the Sun,
That Giant races muſt with th'whole world run.

On the Humours.

A *Tetrasyncrasy* must of humours be;
Nature from discords produce harmony.
How wisely th' bloody masse is understood?
Two Cholers, black and yellow, phlegm and blood.
Phlegm is so crude it scarce bloods nature takes;
Blood Choler turns, but Choler ne're blood makes.
Yellow to black by heats exuberance tends:
Black into none, see where perfection ends.
When Natures work onely Concoction is,
To gain perfection we arrive at this.
O happy age from imperfections free,
Perfections sure mopish or mad to be.

On the Elements.

TO answer Humours who four Elements chose,
Had need the fift, their quarrels to compose.
Sure it is Love doth all together knit;
Love made the world, and Love preserveth it.
Things diff'rent are, but nothing contrary is,
But as intended, or it is remisse.
Ah! why should Med'ciners in their art agree,
Since Natures self's but Contrariety?

Against Phlebotomy to a Leech.

PHilosophy ends where Physick doth begin:
'Tis strangely true, for few admit it in.
Tell stories of Corruption of the blood;
What's once corrupt, can it return to good?
To th' habit from privation, how's recesse?
Phlebotomy's Key not loosing rottennesse.

Or opening, can't diſtinguiſh good from bad?
Would each blood-ſucking Leech the knowledge had.
The treaſury of life they'd not exhauſt,
Take th'price of blood, while life with blood is loſt.
To Natures countermiinng not intent,
To let death in, and life out give a vent.
More merciful Turks thus blood do never ſpill,
Under pretence of help, nor do they kill.
Leſt to his bloody art th'Leech too much truſt,
To take him off we need from graves fetch duſt.

For Phlebotomy.

THe Courſes Nature doth in Women take
To open veins, ſhall we in men forſake?
VVhere Nature dictates, who will not ſubmit?
She keeps her Monthly terms to plead for it.
Shee'll argue *à priori* by the Noſe;
And by the Breech *à poſteriori* ſhows.
VVhen Natures ſelf doth once turn Critical,
I pray reſign, no Criticks be at all;
'Gainſt all Phlebotomy who plead, ſure jeſt:
In th'mood they plead for to refute it beſt.

A Piſs-pot Prophet.

SEE th'man of *Recipes* how his Cloak is lin'd!
Sure th'inſides rich, where we ſuch linings finde.
Can ſtrut, not gravely, with an ominous look,
Like *Mahomet* when from th'Dove he Counſel took,
Conſults with his *Muſtachio's* 'fore he's heard;
Surely he ſtrokes his wiſdome from his beard.
Your liver's foul, and ſtomach, pains ith'heart,
VVe *Cardialgia* call it men of art.

Your

Your ſpirits natural; vital, animal be,
And I'me afraid, not from obſtructions free.
Would of erratique griefs you cauſes know?
The head's the fountain, whence theſe ſtreams do flow.
Your livers hot, cold ſtomach, thence to the brain,
Vapors ariſe in Clouds, ſhowre back again.
You are hydroptick, nay, Cachectick too,
I ſtrangely fear a diſcraſy in you.
Oh, oh my heart, my heart doth down retreat
Their monſtrous purges you (learn'd ſir) repeat.
They *Panchymagogi*, and *Catholicons* be;
And *Diaphœnicon* th' rare Electuarie.
Theſe are your purges man; the Bezar-ſtone,
Brave Cordial, unto all but me unknown.
Have you a pain ith' ſtomach? yes, back and head?
Lord Maſter Doctor where have you this read?
Ith' urine man; by this I ev'n can know
Each ſtep, and ſtair by which to bed you go.
Piſſe takes the form of parts as it runs through,
I could no better know, was I in you.
Hence looking-glaſſes, Chamberpots we call,
'Cauſe in your piſſe we can diſcover all.
Why this no leſſe then *Aarons* breſtplate is,
The Seminalities of all ills in piſſe:
To truſt in this the College doth forbid,
Vile men would prelate-like have knowledge hid.
I never durſt approach the Colledg near,
They Biſhop like do place an Image there.
Their Idol-*Harvy* of the Serpents breed.
To break his head denys the woman ſeed.
VVe're wonderfully made the Scripture ſaies,
Yet this wretch how we're made would ſhow the waies;
Nay, Conjurer-like makes Circling in the blood,
I know not why, but ſure it can't be good.
VVhat ſpirit 'tis he trades with is unknown
Diſtinct from blood he will no ſpirits own.
Out of five ſenſes too he would perſwade

He

He need adde more, your ſenſes are decaid:
And th' world doth ſenſes want to ſee deceit,
Both out of money and of life to cheat.
All like the frog to phyſick will pretend,
Would others cure can't their own croaking mend.

To a Gigger to Padua, Valentia, and Leiden Doctors.

WHo giggs to *Padua*, doth *Montpelier* ſent,
Creeps in, ſteals out, as if for theft he went;
If gains, ſure ſteals in ſecret knowledge there?
Or th' French inſpires him, or Italian air?
Or th' zany knowledge, waits on th' Gyants name?
Or the matter lurks in an impoſtum'd fame?
Or who's where wit is dealt, muſt need have ſhare?
Peripatetiques Grand Philoſophers were.
If you are Laden with exotique gold,
To come near th' Tower of truth you may be bold.
For Cuſtom-ſake unto the Colledge come,
Volleys of praiſe ſhall entertain you home:
Not gilt ore to deceive, with titles dreſt,
Gold need not fear for to endure the teſt:
Gold's the Suns Child, why do ye fear the light?
See how the bats do fear, and love the night!
Unplum'd and bloodleſſe by the light they'r known,
In errors twilight flut'ring they'r unknown.
A darker ſhop befits their fucate drugs,
Theſe ſuck'd not milk, but blood from ſtepdames dugs.

On

On Suburban-non Licentiates, *who Fox-like call the Colledge grapes sour.*

You're all Licentiates; though no licenc'd crew,
And titles which you paid for are your due;
Though you by Doctors names intitled be,
Onely to Folly in a high degree.
Letters of commendations fools may gain,
Which pockets carry, th' wise man's in his brain.
Honor's the wise mans bride, fools act a rape.
The Colledge-fruits are sour like the foxes grape;
These like the Dogs in errors darker night,
Bark at the Moon, but cannot catch the light.
Professors might to th' Colledge pupils be,
Gain what you want, in knowledge a degree.
They in arts rudiments could instruct a sage,
Knowledge her self is here in pupillage.
Shine out great lights, your beams for life display,
While death portending Comets blaze and slay.

On the excellent Dr. Glisson.

Hic gliscit ars. Art may in vain intend,
Her nervs for knowledge, *Glisson* not her friend.
Knowledge enervate did and strenghlesse lye,
Til *Glisson* use did to the nerves supply.
The spirit more refin'd may now in vain,
Knowledge ith' circle, not progresse, complain;
Harvy, and *Glisson*, will force all confesse
Knowledge by circling, now's in the progresse.

The Sequestred Priest pidling in Physick.

WHo's both sequestred here of state and wit,
He in revenge to th' world would murder it;
Cries destiny, God Author makes of ill,
When by a cruel ignorance he doth kil.
Jure divino will this calling have;
Luke a Physician the perogative gave;
Yet sure learn'd *Bard*, it wil the contrary teach,
Not you Physitians, make Physitians preach.

The fugitive Chymick.

THe Knave turns quack too, blow'd the chymist coal;
As if each blast, inspir'd their *Theophrasts* soul.
He talks of salt without a grain of wit;
But *Mercury's* sure ith' lightnesse of his wit;
Nor doth he want his Sulphur, he hath got
Against the state no less then Powderplot.
Or good from bad by *Pyrotechny* take,
Or else you poyson may for med'cine make.
Yet the best things corrupted the worst be;
Heav'n or hels spirits are in Chymistrie.

On sigils.

FOr art of memory, signs on Planets set,
Teach men themselves, and Planets to forget.
Are plac'd on Sigils, maladies to cure;
By monsters, Ague-like they'r frighted sure.
If 'tis in matter, in all metalls power.
If in the form, the scorpion may devour.
More wisely *Theophrast* did *Moses* write
On's Sigil; and for foolery it endite.

On the Aſtrologicall quack.

AT th' Colledge of the ſtars he did commence,
And Stateſman-like will ſpeak the houſes ſenſe,
Each houſe for mans uſe ſtranger herbs hath got,
To them they eſſence property, ſeed allot.
But is't not ſtrange; when they ſo numerous be,
How all do with a fewer ſtars agree?
Each pil and potion too hath diff'rent ſign:
Nature ith' ſtomach ſure now can't refine.
Or iſt ſince Heav'n ſtand ſtill, and earth turns round,
We here are giddy, there no truth is found?
The Heav'ns a book is, where men wonders read,
The ſtars are letters, moſt a Chriſts Croſs need.

Oglio of quacks.

VVE ſouls and bodies *Medicaſters* have,
Both are hereditary, Father fool, Son th' knave.
Th' diſeaſe that's known, half cured ſome do ſay,
Now not to know't, to cure't's the ready way,
A fortunate Doctor though he hath no skill,
Wiſely can cure, before he knows the ill.
Nay, ev'n his potion knowledge can inſtil;
Who's cur'd by chance, a recipe gains to kill:
The triple tooth'd join with three recipes,
A ſacred number can cure each diſeaſe.
Looking like the *Sceleton* ſtole from Surgeons Hall,
Having there Knowledge gain'd's Chyrurgical.
With *Solomons* Key, and's *Cabal* quacks the Jew,
And th' book whoſe name ſure works *Nebolabu*.
Sputring-like th' Country quack with terms of art;
Who by piſſe prophecying wonders doth impart.
The words ſent th' *Syrian* King this wretch makes wiſe,

Another

Another thoſe were ſpoke in *Paradiſe*;
But oh ſee Locuſts from the infernal pit,
Leech, Falkner, Huntſman, all for murder fit.
'Twixt man and beaſt there's now no difference made,
To th' beſtial part ſince reaſon man betrai'd.
Phyſitians once were Children of the Sun,
Now night, and earth need cover what is done.
Wiſe *Lacedemon* would no quacks endure,
Themſelves intitling unto natures cure.
A painter convert, Leech ſaid Earth may hide
The faults I now make, th' former were eſpy'd.
While *Italy* did to *Adrian* complain,
Under pretence of help, their friends were ſlain.
The Pope reply'd, the Land would be too great,
Theſe you devour, leaſt you your ſelves might eat.
Thus cruelty paſſing uncontroll'd by Law,
Leeches by purſe, and veins the heart blood draw.
Yet all *Egyptian*-like to Crocodiles pay
Devotion for requital do them ſlay.

On Noah Big's *vanity of the Craft of Phyſick.*

IN *Noah Bigs* ark truth ſhall nere be ſav'd,
Since for one truth preſerv'd he twenty wav'd.
While you would phyſick purge, and purges too;
We need a purge of hellebore for you:
Like th' mad man living in a Seaport Town,
Thought all the ſhips came in the hav'n his own.
No ſhip but his at truths port hath arriv'd,
In waves of error drown'd, none elſe ſurviv'd.
Yet while he's gleaning up *Van Helmonts* ſcraps,
And the Dutch hogs head long ſince broch'd new taps,
Had he apprentiſe to an Alewife been,
By yeſt fermenting ale he more had ſeen.
The humors to ferment had better ſhown,

Then

Then what *Van's* ſtronger phancy brews or's own.
Yet 'tis no matter though all Scioliſts be,
Knowledg in Phyſiques occult quality.

On Noah Biggs.

BY the ſpirit more though Chymiſtry can ſhow,
Then by't Enthuſiaſts of the age do know.
Though ages dream'd, and th' aged dreamers be,
We that are young men do no Viſions ſee.
To glean truth ſee in *Harvy Harves* here,
Themſelves in him the Colledge pillars rear.
No more of every wind of phancy ſport,
He gives them truth, and gives them reaſon for't.
Yet thou dear *Biggs* ſo well of ill haſt writ,
He who can't praiſe thy truth, may praiſe thy wit.

On Fontinels.

WHat though *Chymera's* all defluxions be,
That need to have an iſſues midwifrie;
He that doth good, though he the cauſe don't know,
There is no cauſe why he ſhould leſſe it do.
Corruption from a roweld horſe doth flow:
'Cauſe th' Farrier knows not, why is it ſo?
Who truth immers'd, would pluck out of the pit,
Not onely peeps, but doth exantlate it.
To the firſt moving veſicle tracts the blood:
Hath ebbing, flowing, circling underſtood:
Whence our impurities ſpring, knows every mine:
Not fights 'bout words, but can the things define.
He who ſhows faults, to truth he is no friend:
But he who ſhowing teaches to amend.
Had the acute *Van-Helmont* faults thus ſhown,
He had cur'd ours, and not have made his own.

Nor

Nor while he proves all iſſues to be vain,
Prove onely ſo, the iſſue of his brain.
Let's Scholers all to *Patavie* be ſent,
Where they for giddy fumes, give hogsheads vent.

On Van Helmont.

IN luxury of wit there's more then needs:
And in the beſt of Gardens there's ſome weeds.
In *Helmonts* Paradiſe there's of life a tree,
By fruits of knowledge we may blinded be:
And while our imperfections we would ſmother,
Onely ſome figleaves take to make a Cover.
What few do, ſeems to know of what he wilt,
Superfætation hath no abort wit.
'Bove *Galens* ſcurf, 'bove him whoſe ſcraps might feed
Sages, yet he a ſchool boys latine need:
Yet to ſet th' Kernel off, let th' ſhel be foil,
If not much labour, *Theophraſt* ſhew'd much oyl.
But oh! while errors troops *Van* raſhly charges,
Error him Captive takes, who truth inlarges.

On Doctor Harvey.

VVHat can one pillar onely be thy due,
The Colledge pillar, and truths pillar too?
Had we *Seth's* pillar whoſe ſight *Joſeph* feigns,
Peruſing thine, 'twould ſcarce requite our pains.
Non datur ultra Hercules pillars ſhow,
Beyond a *Hercules* labours thou doſt go.
Seav'n headed *Hydra*, error multiply'd;
Thou need'ſt no Club, thy knife can ſoon divide:
Augean filths no work when vy'd with thee,

Do'ſt cleanſe the Jakes of all antiquitie,
All truths before thine, did like heat-drops fall.
Vaniſh'd ſo ſoon, ſcarce ſeen, or known at all.
Thou ſet'ſt up ſail, ſwim's through the purple flood,
Which bluſh'd before; 'cauſe never underſtood.
Thou circleſt through our *Microcoſom*, and we
Learn more then th'world, our ſelvs, new worlds by thee
Knowledge was eaten through with ages ruſt,
And the Serpent now would cheat us with his duſt;
Moſt do an apple phancy, knowledge fruit;
Say but an *Harvey*, we aſſent unto't.
Yet here we knowledge gain withoout a death;
Death onely opens us a way to breath;
Enabled by the cunning of his knife,
He Cherubin like doth guard the tree of life.
Above the milky way in glory ſhine,
Lend humane nature luſtre more divine;
Thoſe ieſſer ſtars, a *Peckquet*, *Bartholine*
Loſe all their glory, when by't vy'd with thine;
They babes in Phyſick by thy milk may pleaſe,
Thou open'ſt veins for cure of truths diſeaſe.
Art natures midwife, ſtripſt her Callow brood,
And new attireſt to inrich our blood
VVhat need we pillars unto *Harvey* raiſe,
VVho rears himſelf a Pyramid of praiſe?
To iſſue wanting *Abſaloms* Pillars rear;
Each generation will give him an heir.
VVhile drops of blood can channel in a vein,
Truth's bloody victory will him trophies gain.

On Dr. George Ent.

PErfum'd with ſpices, when our Phœnix dies,
May'ſt from his aſhes glorious ariſe.
Thy name ſpeaks, being berterd by thy art,
Non ents in knowledge, may thy skill impart.
'Bove aged Dons whoſe buſhes figure time,
Yet bearded Meteors all their lights from ſhine.
From leſſer ſtarrs we do expect no light,
Nor Comets from the dregs of phancies bright;
Of truths ſucceſſion maiſt thou Herald be;
Proclaim her warres, her rights, and pedigree;
VVhile we our *Williams* Conqueſt do proclaim,
Not Conqueror of a Land, but whole worlds name.
Intitled to it by each drop of blood;
VVhich poſting round proclaims his title good;
From th' Tyranny of ignorance them freed,
VVhile his diſſecting hand made errors bleed;
Great *Harvy's* ſecond, teeming Natures friend,
To nature and her Midwife thy hand lend;
Open thou natures books, and teach them read,
Can onely open veins to make truth bleed.
Laſh whimp'ring folly; anſw'ring at thy laſh,
VVhip her untill ſhe gigs out all her traſh.
Beat all the Hectors riſe ith' whores defence,
Till prejudice is Captive led by ſenſe.
Thou nothing doſt, if all doſt not outdo,
High treaſon againſt nature 'tis in you.
If from a Sun in Knowledge no light be,
Nature muſt ſuffer by *non Entitie.*
Leſſe then perfection by thy name's not ment;
'Tis onely ſinful folly's a *non Ent.*

On Doctor Brown.

His Religio Medici and vulgar errors.

Religio Medici though th' word Atheism call,
The would shows none, and the Physitian all.
More zeal and charity *Brown* in twelve sheets shows,
Then twelve past ages writ, or th' present knows;
What *Paracelsus* brag'd of doth disclose,
He 'twixt the Pope and *Luther* might compose.
Though gut-inspired zelots bark at him,
He hath more knowledge then their Sanedrim.
Or the *Scotch* pedant a worm in every book,
To maim the words and make the sence mistook.
Dul lumps of earth not yet concocted mud,
In natures count scarce Cyphers understood.
Let these lick up the indigested phlegm
Which Cruder stomach'd *Scioliſts* belch'd 'fore them:
Dog-like to vomits run and lick each sore,
Think learning to repeat what's said before.
While these can prize truths weapons by the rust,
Crawl with the aged serpent in the dust.
Shine out dispelling th ages darker night,
Knowledge makes only Children of the light.
Folli's unmask'd, and errors bald pate show'n,
Brown others errors, others write their own.

On Dr. George Bowle of Oundle.

NOr ſhalt thou deareſt *Bowle* oblivion take,
Since 'tis *Apollo* muſt a Poet make:
Thou every day doſt circle like the Sun;
A courſe for natures reparation run,
Impart'ſt thy light to all, yet loſeſt none;
Knowledge is th' Suns Child, true Philoſophers ſtone.
Thou canſt both trepane lungs, and open th' heart:
Whilſt thou thy own doſt to thy friend impart.
No dialect of nodds, thee Noddy ſpeaks,
While th' hogſhead fears a vent, leſt all out Leaks.
Or knowledge at the beſt ſeems in a trance,
While pluſh is lin'd with ſable ignorance.
Who'd not have's brain be trepaned by thee,
Thy own heads open, while thy tongue is free.
Nor thy ſelf only but thy Art mak'ſt friends,
While Artiſts diſcords in beſt muſique ends.
Thou *Paracelſus* makeſt *Galens* friend;
While Chymicks now *Botanicks* do commend.
Mutual defects no longer they reveal;
Their own and others they conjoyned heal.
Yet thou from neitheir packhorſe-like tak'ſt load,
Come life, come death, to keep both pace and road.
We owe thy errors, not to thee, but times,
We owe the virtues, far above their crimes.
He knows *Bowl* little, much him diſapproves,
But knows him not at all who him not loves.

On the death of his inviſcerately affected friend Richard Watſon *Eſq; Chyrurgeon to his late Majeſty of* England.

NEed they embalm, in Lead thus wrap thee dead,
My tears will re-embalm, my heart turn Lead?
Who take thy bowels out, ſure take out mine,
They by a ſympathy were no leſſe then thine;
With an inviſcerate dotage I did love;
Could not thy death ah then my bowels move?
Watſon is dead, and with him buried art:
Ah who can cure the wounds made in my heart?
Who dying made could onely living cure,
How could he die, and I no death endure?
Who could with *Watſon* in diſſections vy,
Who dying makes, his friend *Anatomy*.
Each part was his, grief will aſunder take,
And of his art will me a monument make.
Could I ſurvive, I'm quickned by his fame,
How can he dye who writes but *Watſons* name.

The Poetaſter.

ALL are not Poets, who can pace in Rime,
And to an odde tune, can in ding dong chime;
Caſtalian nymphs and God *Apollo* name;
Don-Cupids fire, and a Sea-froth'd dame;
While they glean ſtraw in *Egypt* for to raiſe;
Unto themſelves ſtrange pyramids of praiſe.

Though

Though like to tulips they enamel'd be,
Yet the fools Coat is their best Liverie.
On pagan Gods and Goddesses who call,
Sure their Religion is poetical.
Nor should they the Vintage judge of pagan wit,
Who what they have but gleanings are from it;
Nor learn'd 'bove fooleries; rich above Romance,
Fit th' price of vanity only to inhance;
A Fountain Tavern thus may *Helicon* be,
Nine wenches muses lending Poetrie.
While Idol-Priests, who Poets do approve,
Themselves some Idol make, a wench they love.
Their wit like to their *Venus*, born of froth,
Is fit for fire, a Vulcan to betroth.

On Homer.

H*omer*, who seem'd to want the eyes of's mind,
Must now give light, in his own age was blind.
Some did his *Iliads* to a nutshel fit;
A Cherystone might have confin'd the wit.
The Gods know all; wise men sleep not all night,
One man must govern; many can't do right.
To expresse drums, and trumpets verse is fit,
Yet knew no part of th' war of which he writ.
Ὅς ἔφαι οἱ δ' ἐγ ἔροντο θεοὶ κατὰ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ.
A warlike tone, might children fright 'bove too.
Some Poets paint, licking what he did spew,
Vomits must need be filth; 'tis strangely true.
By the beam of light whom *Plato* could traduce,
Shall we in th' Gospels Sunshine love his use?
Petavius Psalms, a *Nonnus*, *Duports Job*,
For th' Sanctuary who heathenism disrobe,

Refin'd to th' Altar, bring the Idols gold,
Let these impressions make on tender mold.
Can *Egypts* garlick, we or onyons need?
On th' milk of th' word can't our youth better feed?

On Scaliger.

NOr is a *Scaliger* fit the Scales to bear,
Weighing nor times, nor thee with equal care,
The Prince, and Father of all pagan wit,
Who thee despise, high treason act 'gainst it:
In thee his honour'd *Maro* did dispraise,
Whose sprig was onely gather'd at thy bayes.
Surely he ne're did mean what he did write,
Not Hypercritick here but hypocrite.

On Musæus.

BUt of *Musæus* sure he better writ;
In writing lesse he needs must shew more wit.
Who writes not one loves song's, scarce wise; who more,
Unto *Anticyra* send for *Hellebore*.
The *Spanish* proverb onely here is true,
He's fool can't write one Sonnet, mad writes two.

On Hesiod.

NOr can th'straw-gatherers of *Egypt* fit,
Us from their Poets more then vulgar wit,
Virtue with sweat's attain'd set on a hill,

Beggers

Beggers with beggers; potters potters ill.
Bad counſel's worſt to him who doth it give;
We're born of Gods: it is by them we live.
The mean's above the whole: See *Heſiods* flowers;
Are theſe like th'gardens water'd by heav'ns ſhowers?

On Theocritus, Moſius, and Theognis.

E*Unica* laughs at me, who'd kiſſe in vain:
Cupid ſtings men, by Bees is ſtung again.
A fool may ſometimes opportunely ſpeak;
Each fool may ſhew this without reading Greek.
While that Pedants thus trifle time in traſh,
They for their faults, not boyes deſerve the laſh.

On Virgil.

NOr are the Latines more; the *Æneiads* be
But *Iliads*; in' *Georgicks Heſiods Plagiarie*:
In his *Bucolicks* own's *Theocritus* Muſe:
For other faults, time, and his death excuſe.
But while he *Dido* wrong'd with falſer fire,
His verſe deſerv'd the flames he did deſire.

Tibullus, *Gallus*, and *Propertius* be
Froth'd like Loves Goddeſſes out of vanity.
Theſe to Luſts Idols do but Altars rear,
And kindle flames of hell while we are here.

May *Ovids* books like him exiled die;
Luſts breath's infectious is in Poetry.

Whiles

While *Juvenal* 'gainst Vices do declaim,
He Vice gives birth, which else had lost a name.

Martial doth twang, and well might sent of wit,
Did not obscenities rankness stifle it.

Chymerica Poesis.

On the sight of a yellow skin'd Lady.

WHat stranger agony's this? ah fire!
Ah! lightning quickens my desire!
Must I fall tamely? a gilt Fly
Intrap an Eagle! cruel destiny!
Cease roving thoughts, and center there,
Where love is fix'd as in a sphere.
Would'st know why Morn doth blushing rise?
From yellow skin the day break spies.
The envious Moon looks pale to see
Her skin glance beams more bright then she.
While Heav'n embroidring stars admire
Her lustre twinkling, they retire.
Some glorious light is sure within,
Thus shines through th' Lanthorn of her skin.
Or is this *Cupids* yellow fire,
Since every glance inflames desire?
A sight could Icy Anchorets turn
To fire; and make ev'n ashes burn.

Sure 'is some *Phœnix*, here must build a nest,
She hath both flame, and spices in her brest.

The praise of a yellow skin:

OR

An ELIZABETH *in Gold.*

THe Sun when he enamels day,
No other Colour doth disply.
Lillies asham'd thou should'st out-vie,
Themselves from white to yellow die.
Thy arms are wax, nay honey too,
Colour and sweetnesse hath from you.
But when thy neck doth but appear,
I think I view an *Indie* there.
Can passion reason then befool,
Where such an Emp'ress beareth rule?
Thy yellow breasts are hills of fire
To heat, not snow to quench desire.
Ransack *Peru*, and *Tagus* shore,
And then vie treasure: thou'lt be poor.
Let wretches delve for yellow Ore,
A golden skin I ask, no more.

Sure *Jove* descending in a yellow shower
To rival me, thus gilt my *Danaë* over.

To a Lady wadrring why I prais'd a yellow skin.

Gilt pictures Papists for devotion use;
To raise my fancy gilded skin I choose:
No face I see but yellow doth commend;
An Angel is the fee doth th'Cause befriend.
What mad man silver would to gold compare?
Shall we praise white 'fore those that yellow are?
I prais'd a golden skin, but fanci'd there
The gold that reall in her virtues were.
Or 'twas the Image I did there behold
Of what I lov'd, an *El'zabeth* in Gold.
Say not the yellow Jaundies in my eye,
Or that I new broach *Magus* heresie:
While in the Church was gold, there was more zeal:
Who gold from thence, sure did Religion steal.
Who picture Angels, make them golden wings;
As if 'tis Angel gold heav'ns blessings brings.
'Tis wonder working gold we Angels call:
None think him blest, no Angel hath at all.
What though I ransack th'treasuries of the deep,
Know all that Nature doth confined keep?
Want gold, though I know all, I nothing know.
Schoolmen say Angels teach all things below;
'Tis gold makes honour'd, lovely, virtuous, wise,
Nay holy too: ah who would gold despise!
An Asse with gold but laden Towns may take,
Nay Kingdomes to her ears Idolaters make.
Was there a Swines fac'd Lady rich indeed,
The *Jew* would Christian turn, on swines flesh feed.

Ye:

Yet ſome rich diſcontents call glorious hell;
What ſhall there not be heav'n where Angels dwell?
That joyes be currant virtues Image take;
Let Love be th'gold where you th'impreſſion make;
Love yellow skin for golden may miſtake,
Love's an Elixir gold of braſſe may make.
Love can the tag of a blew point make more,
Then all the riches pave blew *Neptunes* ſhore.

Love is the gold that with no fire will change,
No loſſe will alter, nor no time eſtrange.

To Aureola, *or the yellow skin'd Lady; asking who could love a Fancy.*

WHo could a Fancy love? who Fancy have.
None e're love wit, whom nature no wit gave,
Some ſay my Fancy's rich, you'l love it ſure;
My Fancy's you, can you your ſelf endure?
Moſt fancy gold, and I a golden skin:
Who's gold without, is ſhe not rich within?
I from thy skin did make the break of day;
The Moon made pale you took her light away.
To yellow skin the *Indies* I'd confine;
Give every part the riches of a Mine,
Scorn but my fancy, thou again art poor;
Horſes with Yellows ſhall be valued more.
I'le ſay the Yellow Jaundies doth thee die;
Beggers with lice ſhall bear thee company.
Or yellow Oaker thus thee colour'd tell,
And ſend thee Cuſtomers ſuch as Oaker ſell,
An unlick'd Calf came into th' world with dung;

Which

Which yellow ever ſince about you hung,
Or with Childes cack thou ſince wer't yellow'd o're,
'Cauſe ſhitten luck is good, haſt ſuiters ſtore.
I made thee gold, 'tis I can make thee braſſe,
Currant with Tinkers thou ſhalt onely paſſe:
Yet while thy fleſh ſuch company draw near,
Like th' Cynicks gold, you may grow pale by fear.
You muſt be mine if you would golden be;
Know that a golden Angel is my fee.

To a refin'd Lady.

BUt come choice piece of Nature more refin'd,
Perfection to a quinteſſence refin'd;
I'le no more ſtudy the Philoſophers ſtone,
Eugenia mine, th' Elixir's ſure mine own.
Pleaſe me my yellow girl, ſhe ſhall thee touch,
I fanci'd gold, but then I'le make thee ſuch.

On an Ethiopian beauty, M. S.

BLack ſpecks for beauty ſpots white faces need:
How fair are you whoſe face is black indeed?
See how in hoods and masks ſome faces hide,
As if aſham'd the white ſhould be eſpi'd.
View how a blacker veil o'reſpreads the skies,
And a black ſcarf on earth's rich boſome lies.
When worth is dead, all do their blacks put on,
As if they would revive the worth that's gone.

Surely

Surely in black Divinity doth dwell;
By th' black garb onely we Divines can tell.
Devils ne're take this ſhape, but ſhapes of light;
Devils which mankind hurt, appear in white,
VVhen Natures riches in one maſſe was hurl'd,
Thus black was th'face of all the infant world.
VVhat th'world calls fair is fooliſh, 'tis allow'd,
That you who are ſo black, be juſtly proud.

Of the black Lady with grey eyes and white teeth.

LIke to the grey-ey'd Morn, your ſparkling eyes
Dart luſtre, while a ſable clothes the skies.
And your white teeth reſemble th' milky way,
The glory of the night, and th' ſhame of day,
Complain not then *Nigrina* of thy white,
Since ſtars ſhine brighteſt in the blackeſt night.

The praiſe of his Miſtris.

ADmire no more thoſe downy breaſts,
Where Candors pure Elixir reſts.
Praiſe not the bluſhings of the Roſe,
Which th'Mornings mantle doth diſcloſe:
Nor ſubtile Lillies which out-vie
Calcining arts choice Chymiſtry.

Let

Let none extoll the milky way,
Where night vies splendor with the day.
Nor pearls within Confinement keep,
More treasure then what paves the deep.
For if my Mistris but appears,
The sullied snow turns black with tears:
Swans seem to wear the veil of night,
And blushing Lillies lose their white:
The bashful Roses drooping die,
Bequeathing her their fragrancy.
The *Galaxie* check'd in her pride,
A sable Cloud doth mourning hide.
Ambitious pearl mounts to her ear,
And is made rich by being there.
And as we see the twinkling fire
Spangling heav'ns Canopy retire,
When *Sol* enamelling doth display
His gildings to inaurate day:
Thus meaner beauties patches are,
Spots, nay foils to make her fair.
These lesser lights dimm'd by her eye,
Twinkle, go out in stench, and die.
If you would know who this may be;
I neither know, nor eye e're see.

Sure *Iris* onely must my Mistris prove;
The Rainbow hath no colour I can't love.

On

On a Blew Point giv n by a Lady on Valentines day to her Valentine, and preach'd against by a Parson who call'a it a Rag of Superstition.

HEnce spout of zealous ignorance, in vain
Thou seek'st to taint true blew, 'twill never stain.
What a blew point the strumpets lace? *Romes* Rag?
Can'st think there's lesse Religion in each tag,
Then all the points you tenter into Uses?
While Codpiece zeal would point out hot abuses?
Your blewer pulpit stuff you did so disjoint,
I durst have swore you'd never come to th'point.
Both earth, air, heav'n, thee heretick could invite,
Could th'Saint once nam'd make thee no proselyte?
The day she gave't, wing'd Quiristers took the air,
And joyn'd to sing her praises pair and pair.
Her gift resembling Violets then appear,
Proud thus to usher sweetnesse into th'year.
Yet Birds can't reach her praise, Violets her sweet,
Nor tell what glories in her blew point meet.
Dost thou not see how th'blewer colour'd vein
Doth b th our spirits, life, and souls contain?
Or dost not view how tinctur'd thus the sky
Shews all that's rich in heav ns embroidery?
Or dost not know how purpled Judges sit,
As if they took their robes to vote for it?
Yet veins are useless vy'd, sky foul words weak,
To speak the gift, let th'Donor Angels speak.
Angels, ah Angels she's Seraphick sure,
Nature calcin'd her to that temperature.
Blew Garter Orders hence are vanish'd gone,
Blew points succeed, mists fly before the sun.
By box and a blew point a wiser age
Surely could nothing lesse then this presage.
They who their thoughts do elevate with drink,
Fancy refin'd, nothing but blew can think.

On the Refin'd Lady.

CHoice extract of thy Sex, where we
May finde what's in it good in thee:
Of so refin'd a temperature,
Can you then Angels be lesse pure?
Impurer dregs of flesh and blood,
Nature by dirt makes great not good.
When Nature made thee so refin'd,
Surely she portraict'd out the minde.
Nothing presents thee to my sense,
Speaks lesse then an Intelligence.
Who'd folio's of thy Sex reade o're,
Since in Epitome he findes more?

On the wearing of the Tag of her Blew Point.

THough like a Liquorish stick you're thin,
Yet all its sweetnesse is within.
Like *Aarons* Rod in virtues bud,
A twig in virtue 'bove a wood.
Sure Kings white wands but Emblems be
Of virtues which do reign in thee.
Some think by Magick Rods decline,
And by their head point out a Myne.
But oh more true none this twig see,
That richer Mynes finde not by thee.
Sure had Philosophers but you known,
They'd this Elixir thought their stone.
Since you're a quintessence can refine,
And make brasse Tags priz'd 'bove a Myne.
While all that's glorious meets in you,
We pay to yours what is your due.

Who honour Saints, ot them do love each rag;
Who loves the Saint, muſt honour needs her tag.
Had you but lived in a fonder age,
To your Blew Point they'd gone a pilgrimage.

On Pentepicta:

A Lady with enamell'd Teeth, black, white and yellow. F.W.

THe wiſeman Teeth call'd flocks of ſheep;
Sure *Jacobs* ſpeckled flocks here keep.
Where teeth are checker'd black and white,
Nay gilt too to inrich delight:
Her mouth ope, you at Cheſſe may play,
With teeth reſembling night and day.
Each fondling reach will praiſe what's white;
Is there in Choak ſuch ſtrange delight?
Give me the mouth like th'Temple floor,
With ſpeckled Marble paved o're,
Or oh more rich in gold thus ſet,
A row of pearl then one of jet.

On Flavia: A yellow hair'd Lady, E.W.

COme Eagles here your Eaglets try,
Where hair ſeems Sun-beams for the eye.
Was there but *Perſians* here, each hair
Might call a Votary to his Prayer:
While every one emits a ray,
Brighter then thoſe gild th'new born day.
Could age run back, and renew *Greece*,
They'd hither ſend for th'golden Fleece.
In honour of this golden hair,
Sure *Spain* the golden Fleece doth wear.

Though gone *Heſperian* Orchards be,
Your head preſerves the golden Tree.
Should Goddeſſes but now contend,
A hair of it might th'quarrel end.
Who would not think her the moſt fair,
Who could deſerve to have your hair?
Or is your head a hill of fire,
Since men feel *Ætna* in deſire?
Or *Cupid* of thy hair makes darts,
Which being fire inflames all hearts?
Or the proud Boy will captives hold
In fetters which are made of gold.

Nature preſaging you would Empire have,
And rule o're hearts, this Crown of Gold you gave.

On a Crooked Lady, M.V.

Sure *Cupid* of thy ſhoulders makes a bow,
From whence fly love ſhafts wounding al. thee know
See how the mimick Apes do ſhrug to bear
Reſemblance with the bunch you carry there.
View how the ſupple hamm'd *Dons* cringing bend,
As by thy copy they their ſhapes would mend.
The enamell'd wardrobe of rich Nature view;
All drooping imitate, and bow like you.
The baſhful Roſes ſhrink into their beds;
Lillies in emulation hang down heads.
Leſſe then Celeſtial ſure you cannot be;
The ſky embrod'ring Bowe reſembles thee.
Heav'n onely thee a richer token bent,
And to inrich poor Mortals thee us ſent;
That as the Rainbowe token is of love;
Earth may have one below, as heav'n above.
Hence as by age to heav'n we nearer grow,
Age what thy youth arrives to lends a bowe.

"'s Like thee he makes thy praiſe would ſum,
To th'period of thy praiſe no pen can come.

The praiſe of Thick and Short.

IF the round figures the moſt perfect be,
Th'perfection of thy ſex ſure's moſt in thee.
Nature imperfect there is underſtood,
Where up to legs they run for want of blood.
Here's no lank piece ſtuff'd out with clothes to cheat,
Bag-pudding like, thou'rt all without deceit.
With thy broad ſhoulders there's no ſlender waſte:
Leſt it might fall in two, muſt be ſtrait lac'd.
Each part's alike, thou art as thick as long,
Shoulders and waſte have one proportion.
In parchment cloth'd, no skeleton here diſcovers,
To kill luſt in them, death unto her lovers.
No bones ſtick out to threaten thoſe draw near,
Sword-like through th'ſcabberd of the fleſh appear.
Thy quavering fleſh to all that do draw nigh,
At every touch preſents an harmony.
Sure far above the Muſick of the ſpheres,
Th' harmony of th' whole Globe in thee appears.

To Dionyſia *the plump Lady,* S D.

FAt is too luſcious when it is alone:
You fat, I lean, ſure would do well made one.
How lovely's fat with lean when inter-lin'd?
Should we not lovely prove together joyn'd?
Marr'age makes one of thoſe before were two;
You may have fleſh for me, I bones for you.
Scripture ſayes woman made was out of bone;
But you are fleſh, ſure I a rib alone.

Oh might I be that rib so near your heart,
So near alliance death could onely part.
Or you my flesh, I would thy spirit be,
To give new life, would actuate in thee.
Fat easily melts, sure hard you cannot be;
Love to melt you hath kindled fires in me.
But should you fly, the flames must quench and die;
How can the fire be kept no fewel nigh?
While I do burn, should you the fuel prove,
Wee'd send a light to ages how to love.

On Monocula,

A one ey'd Lady, M. W.

THe heav'n at once hath but one eye,
The Sun or Moon you with both vie,
Thus alley to Divinity.

Night and darkness make one day;
Chance that takes one, takes none away:
Thus Love and you at bo-peep play.

Don Cupid would an Archer be;
But wanting eyes took one of thee;
There needs but one to Archerie.

He for thy service keeps thy eye;
Can she want love, doth love supply?
Whom you hate, with his shaft must die.

All they who lovers are, are blind,
Like will to like; you'l servants find,
All lovers yours, choose to your mind.
She needs must aim well who keeps one eye blind.

To

To Eugenia, a defence of juvenile wildneſſe.

NO troubled Sea of luſt, no paſſions move,
Like ſtorms, once deaf as corks, now hear of love.
What was I wild as Sea, inflam'd as air,
And deaf as Rocks, to th' giddy Seamans prayer?
Know gravity's prodigious in a Child:
Nature's inverted if he is not wild.
Bid th' ſprightly morn be ſullen, and diſplay,
No beam for to inaurate new born day.
That which to youth gives motion, growth and ſenſe,
Is but the effluxion of a ray from thence.
'Cauſe young men viſions ſee, and th' aged dream,
Muſt truths in youthful breaſts more clearly ſtream
Age doth the ſtinging panthers breath perfume
By time the Firtrees odours do aſſume:
Myrabolans and dates in bloom and bud,
Both noxious are, both in their fruit are good.
To prove wild youth makes good man th' proverb take,
See how the wilder Colts beſt horſes make!
Who *Noy* in Law, *Butler* in's art excels?
Who *Julius* or *Severus* paralells?
Theſe like new wine, would ſally, fume and ſwel,
In reaſons confines would not alwaies dwel.
Priveling in drops and dirt view ſprings laid low:
Whence ſilver ſtreams do ſwel, and rivers flow.
Know barren earth doth Mines of gold obſcure:
And viler ſhels do precious gems immure.
Come my *Eugenia*, thou ſhalt me refine;
See how from dirt doth ſpring a glorious mine!
View how the Phœnix hid in aſhes lies!
See after mucky burialls plants ariſe!
A ſpring of virtue and of youth's in thee,
Shine out, and nature opes her treaſurie.

Colours in night dead quickned by the ray,
Of such a Sun will shine more bright then day.
See th' sport of every tyrant wave a bark!
On passions deluge view a rowling Ark.
Come deareſt Dove with Olive branch of peace,
The deluge of thy woes and mine shall ceaſe.
Chymists say, who fix *Mercury* can make gold,
Fix me *Eugenia* thou art rich if't hold.

To a man of office under the L. K. who call'd detraction love, and Calumny good Counsel.

GOld could buy offices, could it have bought wit,
You for your place, it had for you been fit:
But oh more happy times sequeſtred it!
No time can you sequeſter of your wit.
You'r a rare Courtier, if the proverb's true:
Nor want of pride, nor ignorance is in you.
And no bad stateſman, you may Cope with th' fame
Of *Burleigh*, *Cecil*, and wiſe *Walſingame*.
No Stateſman muſt divulge what he doth know,
You'r rarely wiſe who nere your wiſdom ſhow.
Your knowledge by your ſentences I know,
Pray me ſome wiſdom by your ſilence ſhow.
Forth giddy pated ſurgeon, who would care
Thinks to cure wounds, expoſing them to th' air,
Counſel is balm, each folly is a wound:
Cover'd with balm, and kept cloſe, thy'r made ſound.

The ingenious Lady E. V. *to* l. L. *contemning her age.*

STay cruel youth, raſh ſtripling ſtay;
Fear'ſt thou in ſnow to loſe thy way?
Suppoſeſt the powd'ring of my hair:
'Tis ſuppoſition makes us fair.
My brow in wreaths ſhould never move
In thee diſdain, but rather love;
Think but that art in pleats it laid,
And of it a faſhion made.
Who fears winter with a fire?
I have more heat then in deſire.
Look how the Elm and younger Vine,
Mark how the Oak and Ivy twine;
If thou'lt my vine, or Ivy be,
I'l be or Elm, or Oak to thee,
And if thy heat can melt my ſnow,
Thoſe joyes, yet ebb, will overflow.

The anſwer.

LIce complain not if I fly,
Since fate forbids a Sympathy.
Could Infant ſpring and winter meet,
I'de covet Lices winding ſheet;
And wed a monument with thee,
A parchment cloth'd Anatomie.
Whom ev'n but touch'd would aſhes turn;
Nor cures your ſnow, if love ere burn;
Ner ſuppoſitions cold ſweats free,
Where each touch prompts an Agonie.
Importunate love dry oakes oreflies,
To wanton in *Euphormia's* eyes;

But

But thine affrighted in are fled,
To seek where he lies buried:
Whom *Stibium* thence can never raise;
Maz'd art dispairs at times decaies.

A Palinode.

On a resolution to do pennance with Ashes.

HAppy chance which hath me lent,
Deaths head to wait my time mispent.
Some in gold do Deaths head wear,
I view your looks; and read her there.
Since dust to dust we all must go.
He's wise who timely can do so.
Thus I bequeath my self to th' grave
While death and I ev'n portions have.
Thus holier Hermits choose their Cells,
An Anchoret in his grave thus dwells.
The Nun views deaths head, book, and grave,
Thus they have all, who nothing have.
If I the Lady lov'd refin'd?
Sure I must you by age Calcin'd.
If yellow prais'd, I praised you;
You jealous were, so yellow too,
I lov'd to traffick with the dead,
Books were like you, which I have read:
In them, as you, I times past find;
You'l *Grandam Eve* reduce to mind:
Of good and bad show me the tree;
Sure the fruits of knowledge are in thee:
Since in your parchment skin must lie,
Strange records of antiquity.
But oh can youths flames so expire,
That I these records turn not fire?

Of

Of thee I would no bonefire make:
Doth fleſh for fear thy bones forſake?
Why Palſies? fear not: who nigh lies
Each touch of thee him mortifies,
Bleſs'd reſurrection need he fear,
Continual Lent who thus keeps here?
Or woh'd diſdain to take the bone,
Since all who marry have but one?
Here is true love, to wed a mind:
No body here to love I find:
Who marry fleſh, they wed their luſt,
Which Chriſtians us'd to charm with duſt.

Which time turns all, turns you, and twice makes child;
Thus my youth and your age is reconcil'd.
Then why not we? come lets to Chriſts Croſſe row,
There learn ſpel Heav'n, and we enough do know.

To Eugenia.

I'Le to my Saint as votaries to a ſhrine,
Where ſighs are gales for Heav'n, each word divine.
I will not ſay that ſwans hatch in your breſt,
For innocence there doth keep a whiter neſt.
Or how that bluſhing roſes drooping die,
Bequeathing you more ſweet their fragrancy:
The odours of your virtues are Perfume
Heav'n lends from the fading roſe you none aſſume.
Or ſay *Auroras* roſie Cheek is dy'd
With bluſhes thus to be by you outvy'd.
Could the morning bluſh, ſure it would rather be,
To weakneſſe of your ſex to vye with thee?
Or that an envious paleneſſe *Cynthia* dies,
'Cauſe luſtre is confined to your eyes.
Could what we fondly phancy Moon look pale?
You conſtant guilt and change might th' look intail

Or

Or that the twinkling Ministers of fire,
Spangling Heav'ns Canopy, at your sight retire.
If stars retreat 'tis they erraticks are,
In honors sphere you are a fixed star;
Should I the earth as I have Heav'n re'd ore,
'Twould be *Eugenia* but to love thee more.

On a retird Lady.

SSpring of beauty, Mine of pleasure,
Why so like a miser treasure?
Or a richer Jewel set,
In a viler Cabinet?
Virtue and vice
Know but one price
Seem both ally'd:
Nere distinguish'd if ne're try'd.

The Sun's as fair, as bright as you,
And yet expos'd to publick view:
Whom if envious grown, or proud,
Masks his beauty in a cloud:
The wind and rain,
Him back again,
In sighs and tears,
Woe till smiling he appears.

Love's wing'd, and hasts away;
Time is wing'd, and hasts to prey,
Love deluded may fly hence:
Retirement 'gainst times no fence:
He'l wanton there,
Dig Caves for care,
Make graves for love,
Where the blind boy nere durst rove:

Ceruse-

Ceruſe nor *Stibium* can prevail;
No art repairs, where age make's fail.
Then *Euphormia* be not ſtill
A Priſoner to a fonder will.
Nor let's in vain,
Thus nature blame,
'Cauſe ſhe confines
To barren grounds the richer Mines.

To a Lady ſinging, miſtake me not.

S. SOmetimes I burn
And then to Ice return,
There's no thing ſo unconſtant as my mind,
I change, I change, I change with every wind.

A. Fly huſwife vice,
Which canſt be fire and ice;
Go learn of th' air, go practice in a ſtew,
Love nere proves falſe, proves falſe, that ere was true.

S. Perhaps in jeſt,
I ſaid I lov'd thee beſt,
But 'twas no more then what I ſaid before,
I vow'd, I vow'd, I vow'd to twenty more.

A. He who in jeſt,
Could ſay he lov'd thee beſt, (fire.
Dares jeſt with Heav'n, tempt lightneſs, play with
True love, true love, can neither change nor tyre.

S. Then prithee ſee,
Thou give no heart to me;
For if I cannot keep my own a day,
What hope, what hope, what hope, hath thine to ſtay.

The n

Then Prithe see,
Thou give no heart from me;
For since my own hath learn'd at last to stay.
What fear, what fear, what fear thine will away?

Love wing'd.

HEnce fonder Amorists *Belials* Orizons ply,
Who laughs at your enameld perjury.
O how Volatile is your toy call'd love!
Which onely constant doth in changing prove.
As it begins with fire, it ends with ice:
Change is the portion of each child of vice.
All lusts felicities move on feet that reel:
Who's ty'd to passion's ty'd unto a wheel.
The Sea's more faithful, which now curles in smiles,
And straight incens'd in towring billows boyls.
Lust's 'twixt a pot and glass then both more weak,
Each touch of male content in two's may break.
Who this day robs divinity to cloath
His Idol, will the next it strip and loath.

To one wond'ring at my various colour'd Mistresse.

LOve is begot 'twixt idleness and lust;
The mettle that's not us'd, can't chuse but rust.
These Codpiece loves but phancies are at best,
They nere show well, if not in colours drest.

The

The vanity of Courtſhip devotion to relicks aſſerted and confuted.

VVHile with the wiſer dead I monument have,
Intomb'd with books, a ſtudy make a grave;
From that more terrene part below begun,
Vapors aſcend, and obſcure reaſons Sun:
My better part turn'd Earth, from th' dead I fly,
To read the living, and find remedy.
Where while a Doctors books I do turn over;
I view a book ſtand by with mourning cover.
I'm Pleas'd to ſee one like my ſelf half dead,
Could live whoſe better part was buried.
When if th' dead Doctor by his books had known,
I would read this which ſtill his name did own.

What are you Lady like a Diamond ſet,
To put your luſtre off in mourning Jet?
Your Doctor ſure did read you more then's books,
In them there is no phyſick like your looks.
An itch of Courtſhip revels through my veins;
A ſight of broken meat a ſtomack gains:
O I could marry, was it done in haſt.
But I am cur'd when once the itching's paſt;
Yet for the itch no better med'cine ſure,
You can't be leſſe then a quickſilver cure;
I'de wed a widow ore her husbands grave;
VVe'd ſhare, a foot he, I a hand would have.
Nay, pule not rather, let thoſe pearls be ſtrung,
And to inrich your neck in laces hung.
VVidows at moſt ſhould but one month complain,
The next ſhould grieve they no new husband gain.
VVhat diff'rence is 'twixt maid and VVidow known?
Maid is a roſe in bud, you'r fairer blown.
Her *April* face now laughs, then ſtraight doth weep:
Their mutual courſes, joy and ſorrow keep.

A husband lost now raises Clouds of tears:
Hopes of one present then her smiling clears;
She neither silence knew, nor how to speak;
Yet the vessels crack'd, how can it choose but leak?
Ah my dear husband he in peace is blest!
He's blest indeed, with thee he could not rest.
I could no husband love, had I a new,
You could no husband love, your husband knew.
Ah I could die? to take the ready way;
Under a Souldier you'd have enter'd pay:
We have no *Portia's*, *Martia's*, *Julia's* here,
From Coats, Swords, halters, we no danger fear.
A wife, a widow, wife within an hour,
Women like Crocodiles weep for to devour.
They weep for more, not weep 'cause they are dead;
They fear that gone, they gain no other head.
Here widows faith is fleeting as her tears;
In counterfeit the sorrow's Livery wears.
What *Proteus Polypus*, or *Cameleon* doe;
Or Poets feign of change in her meet true,
Who weep alone 'tis they who truly grew;
Who weep for others, 'tis but to deceive.
But lest this Widow too much grief endure,
VVho grieves in jest, a jest her grief can cure;
She'll mump and mow, now gigle, then she'l whine?
You'd think with laughter burst, or sorrow pine.
Thus Ladies tasters, waitingmaids who please,
Ladies your Servants cry, give kisses fees;
Which while they take, some skittish beasts are coy,
And turn from that they covet to enjoy.
'Twould cure the spleen, to see them pare their lips,
To writh their mouths, to th' wrigling of their hips,
But they'r no Ladies, nor we servants sure,
Let dregs to dregs, and crack'd crack'd pieces cure.
Surely civility would be strangely plac'd,
Should these but brag, they could 'fore Ladies tast.
Venus a Cat would to a woman change,

Her

Her ſhape ſhe could, her manners not eſtrange:
Shee peeping at a hole a mouſe doth ſpy,
And leaves her husband, and the hole draws nigh.
Thus dregs of frothing nature will be apes,
To Lads, yet no manners change with ſhapes.
A gilded flye of putrefaction bred,
By virtues death who gains a mourning head,
That from the dirt ſhe her advance may ſhow,
She'l caſt her head up, and on tiptoes go:
A velvet Cuſhion ſtuffed out with ſtraw,
In plumes of generous birds a chatring Dawe,
Makes Country hobnails on the ſtones ſtrike fire,
While they her ruſling petticoats admire,
Yet the ſubtile Fox knows th' Aſſe ith' Lyons skin,
He hears her bray, and knows an Aſſe within.
With theſe froth-born like boyes with froth we play,
Firſt raiſe a buble, then we blow't away.
Talk'd I of Diamonds in a mourning jet,
To put them off for greater luſtre ſet?
Or how that fairer widows do diſcloſe;
The ſweets that do inrich the new blown roſe?
To attract ſtraws we place that blacker jet:
To take ſome poor *Jack-ſtraw* in black you'r ſet.
Don't they deride who praiſe th' frogs ſpeckled skin?
The roſe that's withered, or wormeaten in?
Your lips, nor cheeks do not partake of th' roſe,
The glory that you gain is by the noſe.
But not ſo glorious ſure, none near it come,
Which by the heat don't ſuffer martyrdom.
The Cynqiue humbly would to Statues beg.
And to each gilded poſt would make a leg:
Thus when we gilt toys ſee with Ladies clothes,
What's Lady like we Lady will ſuppoſe;
And court Idolatry to the gay rags pay;
While phancy with theſe things of clouts muſt play;
Each Knot love knits; each pin muſt wound the heart;
And Oh 'tis rare perfume if she but---

Scabs but emboſſe; or an enammels itch;
Pocks do ingrave; Carbuncles face inrich.
Hath ſhe a red, a black, or yellow skin?
O precious wench, ruby, jet gold's within.
We beauties call what may for *Mormo's* paſſe;
Or *Acho* like turn phrantick by a glaſſe;
Or ſhould a Conjurer in his room them place,
People would ſwear the Devil in each face?
Yet we theſe puppets move by phancies wire;
Ev'n lay our ſelves in dirt to raiſe them higher;
Till rais'd, themſelves and us they ceaſe to know;
Abuſe ſeems Courtſhip, who deride them woe:
We court bad faces not to pleaſe our ſenſe,
But thus to mortifie our Concupiſcence.
Sometimes a deaths head a devotion rears,
To ſay a prayer, it kiſſe, and leave with tears.
I never ſee the ruines of a face,
But duſt to duſt I cry, and ſtraight embrace.
Yet my embraces here in bed ſhe'l meet,
Brings husbands bones, or her own winding ſheet.
But ſhould my ſins bring an untimely grave,
I'd a rare Monument rich embalming have:
My Art ſhould teach the ſnake new skin aſſume,
Or elſe i'd bribe corruption with perfume.
Her gold, pearl, Diamonds ſhould my Cordials be,
Againſt each touch would prompt an Agonie.
Salacious birds luſts ſacrifice ſhould attend;
And ſpawning fiſhes ſhould their Lecheries lend;
Potato, Skirret, and Eringo root,
Satyrion Cod reſembling ſhould recruit;
I'de ſtrength of earth, of beaſts the marrow have;
At ſecond hand i'de give but what ſhe gave.
But oh for dirt who would in Earth intomb,
Earth, Air, and Sea can't fate a barren womb.
That gallant wretch which did up *Holborn* ride,
Preſented with the choice of rope or bride;
With a reprieve a lovely piece he ſpies;

With ſparrow mouth, frog skin, and ferrets eyes,
Whoſe barren womb, might but a brothel be,
Where twins are murder and Adulterie:
Mariage and hanging both are Deſtiny,
Cry'd give the eaſier, hangman let me die.
Brave ſoul, in honours Catalogue have room;
Better the curſed tree, then curſed womb.
Nuptials fill earth; virginity fills Heav'n;
To barren Widows; ah what place is giv'n?
Hence of corruption bred you gayer mothes;
No virtue know; but what you find in clothes.
Know no religion, 'bove a ſundays dreſſe;
No Heav'n, but there where golden Angels bleſs.
Who you 'twixt froth of Cups and phancy Court,
'Tis not to gain them love, but gain them ſport.
Tyr'd with the graver looks of Madam book,
Thus natures Pamphlets we in ſport orelook.
When vines ſhall leave the Elm, with *Coleworts* twine;
And ſerpents Court the Aſh, thou ſhalt be mine.
Anthus and *Ægithus* blood ſhall mingled be;
The panther and *Hyena's* skin agree;
The Oak, and Olive, Walnut, and Oak agree;
And masking nature leave antipathie;
Till then, from the Philoſopher I'l vary,
Said beaſts choſe like, but man his contrary.
But if I needs my contrary muſt chooſe,
Of all thy ſex I could not thee refuſe.
Diſgrace of Poetry hence, be thou his theam
Who whiſling cools the horſetails of his team,
Let him cool thine by fanning thus thy breech,
Or elſe the horſewhip take to cure the itch.
Shine out bright ſtars in Honors hemiſphear.
I'le raiſe my fortunes, fix my phancy there.

Donec gratus eram. Horatii.

A Dialogue betwixt two Lovers.

WHile that our souls and arms did twine
In amorous circling like the vine,
Should regal pomp with me but vie,
'Twould prove enameld slavery.

While no fond flames of looſe desire,
Did warm thy breast with aliene fire,
Crown'd joys with mine, but plac'd in scale,
No minuits joy could countervail.

Exotick Chloe rules my heart;
Learn'd to tempt souls to th' ear by art;
For both could one death us suffice,
Love should make death a sacrifice.

An amorous youth with mutual fire,
Meets in complacence my desire,
For whom I once, nay, twice could die,
Could death admit security.

But what if *Venus* should return,
And fires that glow in ashes burn?
While she revokes to yoaks of brasse,
Our Love's more brittle far then glasse.

Though stars are then my love lesse fair,
Cork not so light, as thee, or air,
Rocks not so deaf, or angry Seas,
If true, I'de Court thee a disease:

To Lydia.

Inſtar Lydiæ Horatianæ.

WHen men inrich thy neck with praiſe,
And glories with no roſe diſplays,
Thy arms which wax do imitate,
My gall impoſtum'd ſwels with hate:
I burn while ſots thy skin defile,
And roſebuds in thy lips do ſpoil:
To leave love-marks, truſt me in vain,
They love not, who dare lips prophane.
Ah be not prodigal of bliſſe!
Venus makes *Nectar* of a kiſſe.
Happy thrice, nay more, for ever:
Where loves chain is broken never;
Nor raſh complaint, a linck can force,
While death ſues forth a long divorce.

E Martiale.

CRas te victurum, cras dicis, poſthume ſemper:
Dic mihi cras iſtud poſthume quando venit?
Quam longe cras iſtud? ubi eſt? aut unde petendum?

Thou ſaiſt thou wilt to morrow live to morrow ever:
When will that morrow come, ah tell me? never.
How farr's that morrow? whence? where to be fetch'd?
What can the *Parthians*, or *Armenians* teach't
What hath it *Priams* age? or *Neſtors* years?
Iſt to be bought? tell me what price it bears? (late;
Thou ſay'ſt thou wil'ſt too morrow live, this day's too
Yeſterdaies life, ſhould this daies Antedate.

To Agatha *an unfortunate piece of goodnesse* E. P. *a golden Mine obscur'd in dirt.*

DIrt and Gold are in one Mine:
A place of sin thou dost refine:
For greater lustre thus are set,
Bright Diamonds by blacker jet.
Come gaudy anticks, transform'd Apes,
By virtues glasse here mend your shapes:
Who would of virtue picture take,
He by this pattern must it make.
Come Hæreticks of the sex, a sight,
Of her may make a Proselyte:
Her words 'gainst sin are charms, each look,
An Atheist to reform's a book.
If blessed are the meek in spirit?
If th' peaceful th' Kingdom shall inherit?
Where virtues, graces, blessings meet,
Shall not that soul be made compleate.
They'r truly noble who are good,
Virtue makes noble and not blood.
If Parents virtues dowries are,
How rich is she must be your heir.

On Marriage.

THough for my fancy mistresses I chuse,
Yet when I marry i'l my judgement use,
When I my body wed, i'le wed my mind:
Give me a love that sees, not lust that's blind.
For lasting pleasure who would take a flower?
Who beauty love; they love but for an hour.
Wed riches, they have wings, love with them flies:
An Ox is gilded thus for sacrifice.
Nor would I poverty nurse to male-content;
The snake ith' bosom lodg'd, with sting paid rent.
Nor while I fear't, for dirt take dunghill race,
How can they not be foul who dirt embrace.
I must have virtues, if not fortunes heir,
Since Parents virtues greatest dowries are.
Nor love I those who boast of generous blood.
But those whose generous actions prove it good.
Or will I wrong the ashes of the dead,
Disturb his bones while I his relick wed.
A widows lust may live whose love is dead,
The Leek hath a green tail with a grey head,
Since *Adam* first was form'd and then built *Eve*,
To rotten bones why should my young flesh cleave.
Who us'd to strike a League some blood did draw,
Who gain a maidenhead do renew the Law.
Love thus must enter, grow as we grow in years,
The garment's best long, as we need it wears.
Mexentius-like they dead with living twine,
Who youth and age in marriage do combine.
They who this more then *Gordin* knot do knit,
Must tie two souls in one by tying it.
Like to *Hippocates* twins both laugh and cry,
Their hearts by th' same strings tun'd both live and die.

Paſſion muſt never enter reaſons ſeat,
VVhile fury enters loves in a retreat.
If drink like *Circes* Cup transforms to ſwine,
Then take no cups, a beaſt made ſhe's not thine.
As Saints to Altars, ſo to bed repair.
Love hath his Altars, bring chaſt off'rings there.
He gives not's own gives not fleſh's own made due,
Yet love can Temples make where Luſt a ſtew.
That you may freely ſouls breath in each other,
Quench th'brand in loves fire, love delights may ſmother
Hels firebrand jealouſie ſend from whence it came,
Loves purer fire to Heav'n ſends purer flame.
He who will think his wife an ill can do,
Ill by ſuſpition he'l inſtruct her to.
Study you virtue, ſhe will ſtudy thee,
Children will Copy to poſteritie.
So while love ſouls and arms together twine
In amorous circlings like two wanton Vines;
Like Vines made fertile, you may twiſt a line
So firm with love knots ages can't untwine.
Knit that Knot wiſely ages can't undo,
Peters Keys looſe, and *Pauls* ſword cut in two.
VVhere we muſt ſee, not hate faults who detects;
A crime in marr'age ſhews his own defects.
VVhen ſhe is mine ſhould each part turn diſeaſe,
Her griefs muſt trouble not her ſelf diſpleaſe.
The ſcarface pock love deeper ſhould engrave,
And not make holes where Love ſhould burying have.
Or ſhould a Leproſie revel through her skin,
To mak't more rich i'de think't embroidred in.
VVho for a caſe a Jewel would contemn,
A viler ſhell may lodge a richer Gem.
Though fair and foul i'de make away to Heav'n,
The fair's a picture for devotion giv'n.
And if a fowler piece we can't call Saint,
VVe'l uſe't as ſome to fright ſin, Devils paint.
Yet know 'tis love or virtue muſt make fair,

Elſe

Elſe nothing's ſo but as our phancies are.
'Tis love a multitude of faults can cover,
Who'd know nor ſee no fault, let him turn lover.
Love doth the body of the Church Cement,
Chriſts Coat had no ſeam nor Church muſt have rent.
Chriſts Coat and Church of wedlock emblems be,
Can it be marr'age where they diſagree?
Sure they renew his Croſſe, gall, nails and ſpear
His body rend who make diviſions there.
Whom God makes one contention can make two,
You with your wife not one, Gods none with you.
While *Adam* ſlept, God him an *Eve* did make,
Paſſions muſt ſleep while you a wife do take.
God took the rib which circumvolves the heart,
So near ally'd nothing but death ſhould part.
A rib doth ſooneſt break to bend inclin'd,
Wives bend us'd gently, break when you'r unkind.
Marr'age is contract man, there takes his bone,
Bone 'tis by Contract th' word implies be one.
To me imperfect Lord if thou add'ſt a bone,
Let th' fall from virtue make't no broken one.

On the World.

THe worlds a monſter in whoſe will's a hell.
Where paſſions Devil-like tormenting dwell;
Where flatter'd ſenſes placed in array;
Th' ſouls ruine menace, and our lifes decay;
If men do good, 'tis 'cauſe they ill don't know:
Not virtues principle doth inſtruct them ſo.
Who is no Monſter doth a Monſter ſeem:
'Tis onely proſperous vice men virtue deem.
I thought folly to be wiſe, none do aſpire
To knowledge, things unknown have no deſire.
Of darkneſſe underſtanding is a pit,
Reaſon a ſhop of malice keeps in it.

His

His eyes two windows, let in loose desire;
Forges of flames, mouth bellows for hell fire.
Where th' veil is rent, which modesty did hide,
While th' bloods inflamed, and the tongue unti'd.
Ev'n remedies turn diseases, none converse
To better others; but themselves make worse.
Garbs, modes, alliance, men like women creek,
Lesse value is then silence all they speak:
Hands *Harpyes* talons, bent for rapine are;
The Serpents sting he in his tongue doth bear.
Each 'bout Corruption's busie as a fly,
Buz, make a noise, infect what they come nigh.
To virtue scandal, tinder lend to sin,
By th'gate of sense while evil enters in.
The souls surprised in a golden snare;
Coin'd for their profit, mens Religions are.
Poison of Asps within each lip doth lie;
Each face a Vizard's of hypocrisie.
Breast spunge of filth, which should a temple be;
A Den of Theeves, Cage of Impiety:
For Faith doth strong imagination own;
No God but Passion hath, or th'Belly known.
He's a rare man Restoratives can invent,
To make lust live, ev'n where the flesh is spent.
Of raging lusts each breast's a troubled sea;
Inhabited by wilde thoughts men deserts be.
Here th'Vulture envy gnaws upon the heart;
Th' Eagle ambition there makes th' liver smart.
The tympany of pride swels till it bursts;
Of avarice th'dropsie in whole rivers thirsts:
Of hell where Devils and the Furies dwell;
Sure th'prince of th'world with's subjects here make hel.
The world's a monster, Lord, doth menace me;
To Monsters tame's a conquest fit for thee;
The Spear which pierc'd thy side may th'monster wound:
Or to thy Cross nail'd in thy blood be drown'd.
What though th'old Dragon threaten to devour?

'Gainst

'Gainst *Judahs* Lion he can have no power.
Ith' shadow, Lord, of death how shall I fear,
If thou which art my life and light draw near?

On Our Father.

WHo disobey, can I Lord, Father call? (at all.
Pronounce in heav'n, my thoughts nere there
'Tis I my God have sinn'd 'gainst heav'n and thee,
Blinded by sin so high I cannot see.
How shall he Lord say, Hallowed be thy name
Prophanes thy Image, takes in vain the same?
Thy names a sacrifice, Lord, which will require,
To hallow it of flaming zeal a fire.
But where of Lust's a furnace in the heart,
Of good desires can it a Lamp impart?
Or what is Lord, thy Kingdome unto me,
While th'world, flesh, devil, here keep anarchy?
Yet Lord, 'tis every where, thy pow'rs in hell,
But with Saints onely dost in mercy dwell.
Can I desire thy Will may Lord be done?
Which 'gainst thy Will after my own will run.
How shall I beg for bread, or it obtain;
For dogs, my Lusts, thy childrens bread would gain?
As I forgive, would I have thee remit;
Thou without mercy should'st in Judgement sit.
Revenge boils in my heart, but there doth lie,
Alas, froze near my heart, cold Charity.
Would I into temptation not be led
Who run into it? am to vertue dead,
Unto my self temptation, a strange devil,
Incarnate made, a forge to frame out evil.
Tongue of the aged Serpent is the sting;
My lips are gates which unto death do bring:
But Lord, the Kingdome, Power, and Glory's thine;
Let th'Kingdome, Power, and Glory in me shine.

Thou

Thou Lord a Kingdom makeſt where thou art;
A glympſe of thine a Paradiſe doth impart:
Lord by thy preſence Heav'n make in my heart:
So ſhall I Father cry which in Heav'n art.
A Heav'n-inſpiring zeal with th' heart inflame,
A ſacrifice mak't, to hallow Lord thy name.
Thy Kingdom come of grace; will ſhall be done,
In Earth as Heav'n; while Earth a Heav'n hath won.
Then ſhall I daily be with Manna fed:
Have thee within Lord who art Heav'ns ſole bread.
Then ſhall I be forgiv'n Lord, and forgive;
Can't he want charity who with love doth live?
Into temptation then I can't be led;
Thou art th' door, truth, light, way, that I muſt tread:
How can from ill I not delivered be?
Who have a Rock, a Tower, a ſhield in thee;
Thine is the Kingdom, power, and glory's thine;
Oh ſhall I not have all when thou art mine?

Incerta pœnitentia.

EAch day a market is, where we do buy,
Or unto ſale expoſe eternity.
Each day's a ring with good deeds it engrave;
At the Lambs wedding you this ring muſt have.
Time golden Harveſts each day doth preſent;
The times to be redeem'd that is miſpent.
On the back of ſin, ſorrow and ſhame doth wait,
Repentance haſts, ne're overtakes or late.
To all to grieve, few to repent is giv'n.
Which is begot like pearls of th' dew of heav'n,
Happy in this ſnow-water bath their ſoul;
It can the burnings of their luſt make whole.
More weep for ſin that ſin doth them forſake;
Then that by ſin they God an enemy make;
Such water doth augment, not quench Hell flame;

'Tis

'Tis true Contritions floods muſt quench the ſame,
Practice of lives not tongues muſt Chriſtians make;
He leaves not ſin, leaves it doth him forſake.
He loves not God who for himſelf don't love;
Who's glew'd to earth, ſhall nere know God above.
A *Judas* here impiety may veil,
With kiſſes, vengeance ſlow, yet ſure, can't fail;
He'l break in two, diſcover his black ſoul,
If timely pennance wipe not ſins black ſcrol.
Lord let me hear thy voice while 'tis to day;
Leſt hard'ned in ſins wilderneſſe I ſtray.
Unto the fiery ſerpents ſting I pray;
While I forſake thee Lord who art the way.

Certamors.

WAtches, and clocks al but the laſt hour ſound,
That hour ſhould in our conſcience be found
Sure death's a riddle; th' tablet all unfold,
By none the meaning can of it be told.
Yet th' ſoul ſurpris'd in luſt, hell is her ſhare:
Hell where of miſery the Abyſſes are.
Hell th' Common-ſhore of all the filth of th' world:
Where th' fewel of Gods wrath in fire is hurl'd:
Where the *Salamander*-luſt ſhall bath in fire,
Which here anticipates Hell in looſe deſire.
On Earth by *Euthymy* who a Heav'n don't find,
The Hell hereafter feels, hath here in mind.
But oh where's Conſcience virtues Correlate?
Which ſugars tears, and ſurvives ev'n in fate?
Where's that delicious torrent of delight,
Glancing ith' Cage of fleſh a heavenly light?
From the love of God this *Alchymy* redowns,
Iron to gold turns, and diſgrace to crowns.
Can he want light, dwells in th' midſt of th' Sun?
Thirſt, from whoſe belly living waters run?

Would

Would he have meat? thy fleſh is meat indeed:
By faith on thee we may ſweet *Jeſu* feed.
Can he want clothing, Lord, may put on thee?
Nor med'cine have? of Life thou art the Tree.
Who wants direction? thou art Lord the Way,
The Light, Door, Truth, to guide them thee obey.
Lord come unto my ſoul, bid it be thine:
So death ſhall have no power, when life is mine.

On the Reſurrection.

ARiſe, my God, my Sun ariſe:
Ariſe, thy ſide
My ſin doth hide;
Thy blood makes pure,
Thy wounds me cure,
He ever lives, who with thee dies:
Ariſe, my God, my Sun ariſe.

Abyſſes on Abyſſes call:
Who God denies
Firſt to him flies;
Where fiends could dwell,
And make an hell.
The firſt ſees heav'n of all:
Abyſſes on Abyſſes call.

See! ah ſee me purpled o're!
The ſcarlets thine,
Though th'ſin were mine:
Thine was the grave
My ſins would have.
The riſing thine, I would implore.
See! ah ſee me purpled o're!

In mercy, Lord, in mercy rise:
Emit a ray,
And make a day,
Where sins black night
Hath ravish'd light.
Thou to the blind Lord first gav'st eyes;
In mercy, Lord, in mercy rise.

This day we Resurrection call:
Remove the stone,
My sins are one!
Ah buried in
The grave of sin:
Shall I no rising have at all?
This day we Resurrection call.

Come thou Abyss of sweetness, come:
Come my dear Lord,
Say but the word
Unto my Soul,
I shall be whole.
Thou for thy self mak'st onely room:
Come thou Abyss of sweetness, come.

Ad Animam.

QVid lenta cessas? ah moraris! I, pete,
Ignicule sancte Cœlites.

Hinc, hinc, prophana, procul in anis, impia,
Hinc execrata vanitas.

Io triumphe! proh sona victrix! Io
Triumphe, reboent æthera.

En! en reperta eſt! quæ petita fletuum
Torrente pragma ſedul.

En lota prodit! en nitens! en quam refert,
Puram creantis imaginem!

Io triumphe; plaude Cœlitum chore
Redeunte plaude prodigo.

Humana fileant? en loquuntur Angeli!
Quam digna ſphæris muſica eſt?

The Leper cleans'd.

HEar, Lord, hear
The Rhet'rick of a tear:
Hear, hear my breſt;
While I knock there, Lord take no reſt.

Open! ah open wide,
Thou art the door, Lord, open; hide
My ſin; a ſpear once entred at thy ſide.

See! ah ſee
A *Na'mans* leproſie!
Yet here appears
A cleanſing *Jordan* in my tears.

Lord, let the faithleſs ſee
Miracles ceas'd, revive in me.
The Leper cleans'd, Blinde heal'd, Dead rais'd by thee.

Whither? ah whither ſhall I fly,
To heav'n? my ſins, ah ſins there cry!
Yet mercy, Lord, O mercy! hear
Th' atoning incenſe of my prayer.

A broken heart thoul't not deſpiſe.
See! ſee a Contrites ſacrifice!
Keep, keep, viols of wrath keep ſtill:
I'le viols Lord of Odors fill:
O prayers, ſighs, grones, and tears a ſhower;
This precious ointment forth i'le power:
I'le 'noint, waſh, wipe, kiſſe, waſh, wipe, weep;
My tears Lord in thy bottle keep.
Leſt flames of luſt, and fond deſire,
Kindle freſh fuel for thine ire,
Which tears muſt quench, like *Magdalene*,
I'le waſh thee Lord, till I be clean.

The good Samaritan.

WHy art ſo ſad my ſoul? ah why
Doth ſorrow make thy bones all dry?
Shall my ſin ſpeak ſo loud, and I not cry?

Thou good Samaritane ſave,
See, every wound's a grave,
Sins were the Theeves, let me thy mercies have.

See how the prieſts with them partake!
Aud by not pittying new wounds make.
Can paſs with hearts unmov'd though their heads ſhake?

Nor tears, nor wounds, can pitty win:
Thy words the twopence; heav'n Lord the Inn,
Thy blood the oyl, muſt cure the wounds of ſin.

Up, up my ſoul, make haſt, ariſe:
Yet be not raſh, beware, be wiſe,
Heav'n loves not a fools ſacrifice.

The vale's for servants; sin unloose;
'Tis holy ground; put off thy shoes;
An Isaack for an off'ring choose.

Let not an Ismael with him share:
So up my soul, up, offer there;
Besiedge, arm'd, enter heav'n by prayer.

What though thy sins in troops like stars,
Have menac'd heav'n so oft to wars?
Heav'n conquering pray'rs atones the jars.

Rise Sun; stars shall appear no more.
See ah fresh sins like sands of th' shore!
Pennance lends floods to hide them ore.

Vox pœnitentiæ.

I, I, ah I thee Lord betraid!
While sin strange insurrections made;
I, I, like him with lips durst kisse,
Who sought our's hell, at gates of blisse.
My sins ah scourges buffets are;
My sins ah thorns, thy temples tare.
My sin presents the spear, nails, gall,
Renews thy sweat, death, burial.
Yet while I Lord with *Mary* come,
Early with spices to thy tomb;
With balm of pennance waiting there,
To offer odours up in prayer.
After repentant showrs of dew,
Angels my Sun's arise shall shew.
Heark, heark, who's both the light and way,
Calls thee my soul, make hast, obey.
Ah loads of sin and flesh! can I
A Camel passe a needles eye?

Say,

Say, oh ſay not! that heav'n gate
Too narrow is, or way too ſtrait.
Faith and good works can diſpoſſeſs,
Thee both thy Loades, of ſin, and fleſh;
And ſo convei'd on wings of pray'r.
Thon maiſt like incenſe enter there.
So ſhalt thou find a way not ſtrait,
He kneels who enters at Heav'n gate.

Spirit, Fleſh.

S. ARiſe, make haſt:
F. VVhither? ah whither flies my ſoul ſo faſt?
S. Heav'n calls, obey.
F. 'Tis night; ah ſtay! 'tis night! thoul't loſe thy way,
S. The day ſprings roſe.
F. Ah but thy ſin black clouds doth interpoſe!
S. Thoſe pennance clears;
The Sun ſucceds a ſacred dew of teares,
See a full ſhower!
Heaven ſuffers voyolence by an holy Power,
F. Ah heav'n is high!
S. Pray'r lends a *Jacobs* ladder to the ſky.
Angels deſcend,
F. VVreſtle, ah wreſtle! bleſſing crowns the end.

Soul and Chriſt.

C. SEE! ſee Grace with her widened arms!
S. No Adder's here,
To ſtop an ear,
Gainſt ſoul ingaging Graces charms.

Speak Lord, O speak, thy servant hears.
C. Come ye who thirst.
S. Lord give me first,
And in thy bottle put my tears.

C. The laden's call'd, haste my soul, haste.
S. Lord seest not these?
Ah Mountains! Seas!
How? how? ah how are these o'repast?

C. To faith my soul, fly, fly, ne're stay:
Faith can cast these
Mountains ith' seas:
Faith through a Red sea made her way.

S. Lord, though my sins like Mountains be,
A grain of Faith
Still Virtue hath:
Thy blood sweet *Jesu*'s a Red-sea.

Of Prayer.

AWay cold hypocrite, away:
Why art not heard? couldst ever pray?
Didst heav'n in flames of zeal aspire?
Like th'prophet carried up in fire.
What sympathy hath day with night?
Communicates darkness with the light?
Where lust, revenge, and passion shrowds,
Can heav'n be found through such black clouds?
Talke not of faith, the Devils do
Believe as much, know more then you;
Nay do more good, though none allow;
They at that Name thou slight'st, forc'd bow.
Could such works save, they thee outdo;
They have their fear and trembling too.

Wouldst

Wouldſt thou no more thine asking miſs:
Learn then no more to ask amiſs.

Thy ſelf ſweet Lord, thy ſelf, I ask no more,
Heav'n hath no joy without thee, Earth no ſtore.

To the Soul.

Dull ſoul aſpire,
Thou art not earth, mount higher:
Heav'n gave the ſpark, to it return the fire.

Let ſin ne're quench,
Thy high flam'd ſpirit hence
The earth the heat, to heaven the flame diſpence.

Rejoyce, rejoyce,
Turn, turn each part a voice:
VVhile to the heart-ſtrings tun'd ye all rejoyce.

The houſe is ſwept,
VVhich ſin ſo long foul kept:
The peny's found for which the loſer wept.

And purg'd with tears,
Gods Image re-appears,
The peny truly ſhews whoſe ſtamp it bears.

The ſheep long loſt,
Sins wilderneſs oft croſt,
Is found, regain'd, return'd; ſpare, ſpare no coſt.

'Tis hea v'ns own ſuit,
Hark how it woo's you to't:
VVhen Angels needs muſt ſpeak, ſhall man be mute?

On the Nativity.

AH my dear Lord, what shall I give
To thee, who gav'st thy self for me?
Since thou could'st die, how shall I live?
Shall I not daily die with thee?
This is the day which thou didst make:
Teach me Lord, teach me to rejoyce.
Shall I the shepherds Musick take?
Or to thine Angels tune my voice?
My Bread, Life, Vine, Truth, Door, Light, Way,
All fulness meets my Lord in thee.
What can I worse then nought repay,
Thee heav'ns all made so low for me?
To thee both Prophet, Priest and King,
I have no treasury to ope.
I can no spices off rings bring,
But Odours of an heart that's broke,
Lord, let this incense offer'd up,
As a sweet smelling savour be:
So of salvation I the Cup
Shall take, and call my God on thee.

Whil'st Gold refin'd, I tribute bring
My self thine Image to my King.

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